

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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VARIATIONS.

I. — OUTWARD BOUND.

FLOATING, floating, from dawn to dusk,
Till the pearly twilight dies,
And the mists float up from the sapphire sea
And cloud all the sapphire skies.
Floating, floating, while golden stars
Seem to float in a sea overhead,
And starry lights from a sea below
Glow orange, and purple, and red;
Till we seem floating out from the sea of life,
The tempests of passion, the storm-winds of
strife—
Out into strange, mysterious space,
Till God shall find us a landing-place.

Drifting, drifting, to lands unknown,
From a world of love and care,
Drifting away to a home untried
And a heart that is waiting there.
O ship, sail swiftly! O waters deep,
Bear me safe to that haven unknown,
Safe to the tender love that waits
To be forever my own!
Till we drift away from the sea of life,
The tempests of passion, the storm-winds of
strife,
Out to a haven, out to a shore
Where life is love for evermore.

II. — SPRING IS HERE.

EXULTANT in the grey, uncertain light,
Out of a dream the bird-voice seemed to break,
As if it rang from woods and fields of home,
Proclaiming, "Spring is here. Awake!
awake!"
No mateless wanderer, I said, would roam
So far from sheltering copse and meadows
bright,
Some prisoned thrush is trying thus to drown
Memories of love and spring that haunt him
yet.
O restless songster! crying to be free,
Dost thou remember love and liberty—
And I forget?

I know where gold lent-lilies wave afield,
Where April keeps her white ungathered store
Of violets, where the trembling cuckoo-
flowers
Fringe the brown roots of budding sycamore;
Green nooks where birds between the spring-
tide showers
Make passionate music; where old pastures
yield
Their cowslip bells to little children's hands:
Ah, weary bird! these are but shadow lands.
Then the dawn showed me where, unfaltering,
A thrush unfettered on a blackened tree
Thrilled these wild strains of love and
ecstasy

In praise of spring.

Good Words.

C. BROOKE.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE MELLISH,

LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL.

Born 1814. Died, June 15, 1877.

FROM his youth up a martyr on the rack
Of unearned suffering that most wills had
tamed,
And turned a nature less heroic back
From strenuous effort, pitied and unblamed,
But, quenching sense in spirit, he so strove,
That early manhood found him early wise,
A sage in whom, as pain o'ercame not love,
Strong soul weak body bore on high em-
prize.

Till on the judgment-seat, as on the way
That led up to its honors, he was seen,
Bearing the heat and burden of his day,
Of soul unruffled, patient, and serene;

With a sweet sadness putting pain aside,
To bend his ripened judgment to the cause,
And turn the clear light of his mind to guide
His brethren through our labyrinthine laws.

When men, in after times, would have held up
The glass of all that a great judge should be,
The face of Mellish, with his bitter cup
Beside him, let the Bar of England see!

JUNE.

AN English wife, whose passage o'er the line
That severs maid from matron leaves its trace
In wiser innocence and chastened grace;
With queenly eyes, love loyal, frank, benign,
That warm, unheating, and unglittering shine;
A touch of cool bright color on her face,
A shape that curves part hide and part de-
fine,—

Figures our June, the summer's resting-place.
Promise is perfected, without excess;
The leaf fulfilled, the flower not overblown,
The beams of noontide in this kindly zone
Bless, and burn not; half-tints of pink and
pearl

Shimmer from wild-rose cluster, woodbine
whorl;

The wavy woods are dim for leafiness.

Spectator.

H. G. HEWLETT.

A WOMAN'S "NO."

HE spoke to her with manly word,—
With honest speech and slow;
She felt she loved him as she heard,
But yet she answered "No."

She saw him rise, she saw him stand,
As staggering from a blow;
She could have kissed his trembling hand,
But still she answered "No."

And so he goes—to come no more!

But let him only go,
Her voice will call him from the door—
Who trusts a woman's "No"?

Good Words.

F. JAMES.

From The Contemporary Review.

VIRGIL, AS A LINK BETWEEN THE ANCIENT AND MODERN WORLD.*

WE give no small praise to Mr. Sellar's volume in saying that it has not disappointed the expectations with which we opened it. The recollections of his study of Lucretius had inclined us to look eagerly for a successor, and in many ways we cannot but think that the successor enters on more interesting ground. Of course no one will take those words as a comparative estimate of the two poets to whom they refer. Lucretius is the one original thinker on the long roll of Roman fame; no equally well-known poet is so distinctly an imitator as Virgil. But an echo may be richer and sweeter than the sound which awoke it. The pregnant words that form the seed-corn of thought may represent the vivid intuition of genius, or the transmuted memories and anticipations of a peculiar destiny. And it is not impossible that a second-rate thinker who stands at a turning-point of history, who catches the glow of a coming or a departing age, may embody more of the thoughts and beliefs which are interesting to posterity than some who stand in the first rank. Without attempting to decide on the exact position of the singer of whom so appreciative and thoughtful an estimate is given in the volume before us, we will attempt, taking it as our guide, to point out some of the qualities of his verse that have most interest for a modern; to trace in his picture of the life of the past that first dawn of the life of the future to which it appears to us to owe its most delicate and vivid coloring, and which for us who know that life must be its most important characteristic.

He is, we think, the most feminine of all great poets. This quality of his genius comes out most distinctly when we set him by the side of one with whom he has much in common — our own Scott. The love of nature, the fine ear for the traditions of his native land, the loyal heart for its faith — these were a common portion to the northern and the southern singer, but Scott's robust manliness presents a

striking contrast to the gentle and melancholy temperament of Virgil. A rough soldier, to whom in some imaginary counterpart of the civil wars Abbotsford should have been allotted, would have had a very much harder task than the veteran to whom the commissioners of the Triumvirate assigned Virgil's confiscated farm, and though we think Mr. Sellar is a little hard on the meek poet for the tameness with which he alludes to his spoliation, it is no doubt the expression of something that would seem to a modern more suitable to a woman than a man. And yet by a strange paradox it is the very quality which more opposes the modern than the ancient ideal of manliness which gives Virgil his peculiar interest for a modern. The most obvious point of contrast between the ancient and the modern world, perhaps — to single out any one point of contrast from so many must always be a matter of doubtfulness — is the prominence and development which in the latter is given to the feminine elements of character, and only a classical thinker in whom they were already present could be, as we think Virgil was, the herald of the modern world.

The paradox after all is easily resolved. An individual character cannot be at once feminine and manly, but the age which has no ideal of womanliness, has no ideal of manliness either. Here as elsewhere the opposites emerge at the same moment. The sense of personal honor which belongs to chivalry was utterly wanting in a Greek or Roman. It would be interesting to trace the connection between the new importance given to individual rights and claims, and the endless vista opened to every individual spirit by Christianity, a connection which could not be disproved by pointing out the narrowness of the chivalric ideal. The knightly sensitiveness to every shadow of insult is no doubt the privilege of a favored few, it could not exist as the heritage of the many; but those few form the ideal of humanity, and the very extravagance and exaggeration of feeling as to what affects them is an indirect tribute to the infinite future opened to all. But this line of inquiry, however interesting, would not be

* *The Roman Poets of the Augustan Age: Virgil.*
By W. Y. SELLAR. Clarendon Press.

specially relevant to a study of Virgil, for what makes him in so many respects a prophet of the new world is his wealth where chivalry is poor. The reader will recall an eloquent and touching protest against the hardness and narrowness of this ideal, which the poet we have compared to Virgil puts in the mouth of a Jewish maiden. We can without difficulty imagine that remonstrance from one of a down-trodden race in the dialect of Virgil. In his sympathy with the humble—in his sense of the value of lowly toil and the claim of obscure suffering, we may say perhaps that he is more modern than chivalry. He is indeed the prophet, in some respects, of the feelings of our own day.

But one feeling which we trace for the first time in his page belongs rather to the ages which follow his, and precede ours, than to our own. In him we witness the birth of loyalty. It is easy to exaggerate the poor and slavish side of this feeling, and perhaps without exaggeration it is impossible not to discern something of it in him. But those who look upon his attitude to Augustus through the shadow of Imperialism—who see Nero, Caligula, Domitian, follow one to whom he more than once gives the appellation of divinity—who hear the base accents of Martial echo his devout reverence—may easily misinterpret this feeling in him. We would especially commend, in this volume, the justice with which Mr. Sellar treats a sentiment that is peculiarly repulsive to Englishmen. It would have been peculiarly repulsive to a Greek. All that is finest in ancient feeling, and all that is finest in quite modern feeling, agree in their vigorous recoil from the prostration of one human will before another not elevated above it by any inherent dignity or grandeur. But this approach of the modern and ancient world follows a long divergence. The modern and the ancient love of liberty are separated by an interval in which the feeling, which of course always exists, was something very different from what it was at first, and what it is at last. And the sentiment of loyalty which predominates in this intervening period, and which no doubt remains, though weakened

in our own day, seems to us to take its start with the dominion of Augustus. It is a feeling neither altogether impersonal, nor altogether personal. Strong individual preference or taste would disguise it, as gaslight would overcome moonlight; only where there has been a certain strain on the relation, could a son say, as J. S. Mill says of his father, "I was always loyally devoted to him." On the other hand the word would not be felt appropriate to any devotion that was entirely impersonal. The most unquestioning obedience may exist without loyal devotion: if my allegiance is to the office merely, and not the person—if the general at whose command I am ready to be shot to-day, may be the rebel I am ready to shoot to-morrow—then whatever else the sentiment of subjection is, it is not loyalty. Loyalty must be as closely allied to the reverence for law and the strong impulse of human affection as it is distinct from both. It is the feeling which links moral distinctions with something more tender and mysterious; it binds us together by an attraction that remains as something ultimate when reason and conscience have reclaimed their rights, and haunts with a sense of incompleteness the bonds which own no allegiance that may not adequately be met by a corresponding claim. Wherever this reverence refuses all surplusage of feeling—wherever it takes its stand on the basis of contract, and proclaims the relation to be a strictly correlative one, so much worth on your side, so much honor on mine—then the relation may illustrate many other excellences, but loyalty will be wanting.

It is by a fine and subtle indication of the true genesis of this feeling that our word *legal* comes straight from the Latin, its twin brother, *loyal*, through the French. Loyalty began to exist with the modern world. The comparison may seem fanciful, but we would illustrate its relation to the patriotism of the old world by the contrast between a Greek temple and a Gothic cathedral. The one is complete in itself; you would spoil it if you added to it; it suggests nothing that is not there. The other is a sort of embodied sigh of yearning and aspiration after that which is not there.

The one maintains its place with a serene and satisfied dominion over the earth it adorns; the other seems to soar upward to the heaven above it. The Greek who fell at Thermopylæ, the Roman who fell at Cannæ, perished in defence of a reality that was complete and absolute. All modern loyalty, on the other hand, is a sad struggle with the sense of incompleteness. It attaches itself to a flawed, imperfectly realized ideal; it struggles upward, to something out of itself. It is one of the most characteristic and pathetic traits of the last days of the poet we have likened to Virgil, that he cared in Italy, as Sir William Gell noticed with much humor, less for all the classic associations of those spots which were most rich in classic associations, than for the tombs of the Stuarts. This undying interest in the embers of genius for a set of people as little worthy of interest on their own merits as any that ever lived is, we think, a specimen of and tribute to the kind of hold that this peculiar sentiment has had on the modern world. It is brought out and exhibited in all its purity by the failure of any responsive or correlative excellence in its object. Of course we are not denying that the Highlander who "sighed by Arno for his lovelier Tees," as Lord Macaulay has gracefully described him, was blind to something better than loyalty to his prince, still he may exhibit for us something of that sense of the infinite claim in a human bond which a more prosperous devotion could not illustrate to the same extent. And if this sense is, in some of the Eclogues of Virgil and in the invocation at the beginning of the Georgics, allied with baser elements, it is not altogether disguised by them. We may study them as the first utterance of one of the strongest and most powerful feelings which manifest themselves in the movements of history — the reverence for an individual, as the type and symbol of law.

It may be objected that Augustus should have been, to Virgil, the symbol not of law but of lawlessness. The bloody tyrant of the second Triumvirate — the murderer of Cicero — could never, it may be thought, have appeared arrayed in the dignity of "the patriot king" — the com-

monwealth could never have worn this strange disguise. But we believe that to reason thus is to look at ancient things with modern eyes. To Virgil, Augustus really *was* the saviour of society. His was, indeed, as far as his own intention could make it so, essentially a conservative revolution. His aim was to bring back the frugal, temperate, religious, law-abiding past; and whatever his reforms failed to bring back, they certainly gave the weary world stability and repose. How much would be forgiven to such a benefactor! The longing of a storm-tossed world for peace is a feeling which unhappily has never been very far from the possible experience of any time; but we can dimly enter into the weariness of a Roman who had lived through the civil wars. It is not merely that the images of fire and slaughter are dim to us, that the dear familiar scenes, fragrant with all tender memories, have never been polluted with horrors, that smoke and blood have never blotted out for an Englishman of our age the very meaning of home. Much more than this, we have to remember that the convulsions of modern Europe do not shake the order which the convulsions of ancient Rome menaced at its very foundations. While the two greatest nations of Europe wrestled with each other in deadly combat, the broad current of a common civilized life flowed on untroubled, ready to absorb them both when they were ready to return to it. There was nothing like this in the first century before Christ. All law, all order, all that was the very type of stability, rocked and swayed under the shock of a perishing world. The difference between war now and war then is the difference of a railway accident and an earthquake. The sufferings of the actual victims at the moment may be much the same, but in the one case there is, and in the other there is not, a stable world to recover in. The earthquake, in the days of Virgil, had lasted, with intervals of only feverish rest, for the better part of a century. The sense of insecurity and peril had become a tradition. The one thing the world craved with deep, heartfelt yearning was rest.

This craving has found an expression

so ardent, so touched with ecstatic hope, in the celebrated fourth Eclogue, that earlier opinion associated it with the birth of that deliverer who was looked for by another nation than the Romans. The general consensus of commentators, we believe, forbids us to connect this picture of a returning golden age, and the wondrous child whose birth should initiate it, with those prophecies of Isaiah which it so vividly recalls. Virgil was indeed as erudite a poet as our own Browning; no lore was strange to his pen, and some reflection of Messianic anticipation is not impossible here; but such a knowledge of the Septuagint as would convert these similarities to quotations is, we are assured by the most competent students, quite improbable. We own that we surrender the fancy with a certain regret. But if we must not believe that the Italian caught any direct echo from the Hebrew singer, we are not obliged to narrow the emotions which that eclogue represents to any association with the consulship of Pollio, or the triumph of Augustus. It speaks a language fresh and living for every age; it utters the groans of "the whole creation travailing for deliverance;" and we, in the nineteenth century after Christ, may hear in this lyric cry of the first century before Christ a tone of pathetic desire that is not alien from the deepest cravings of our own time. Still, it is also in a special sense, the expression of a time that was worn out with warfare and the traditions of warfare; and whoever the mysterious child was who was to rule the pacified world, and see the lion lie down with the lamb, there can be no doubt that the spirit that welcomed him was that which prepared subjects for Augustus. To such an imperious and overwhelming longing he appeared as a sort of incarnate peace. He was the type of a restored order of things; his name was the promise of a united, re-organized, coherent world. "O Melibœe, deus nobis hæc otia fecit!" was the exclamation of one who had seen a new world issue from chaos. In judging such utterances, we must make allowance for the pressure under which they were sent forth.

Doubtless the love of peace is compatible with the love of liberty. But partial and incomplete as we all are, it does not often happen that these two blessings are desired ardently by the same individual: the longing for peace quenches the longing for liberty; the longing for liberty burns up the longing for peace. We see in our own history how the security of the

Tudors rested on the national weariness of the Wars of the Roses; we can imagine how the civil wars to which the Wars of the Roses were a small matter, inevitably prepared a throne for tyrants. "Peace at any price," may be the most ignoble of desires, but it is possible that those words might be accepted, at a national crisis, as expressing the aspirations of the purest patriotism. After a century of civil strife, it is quite possible that to a noble and pure spirit *nothing* might seem so desirable as a condition of things in which what begins to-day may be finished to-morrow. "It were better," says Lord Bacon, "to live in a state where nothing was lawful, than where everything was lawful." Civil war creates a state where everything is lawful; those whose character has been moulded under such a condition can admit no rival to their imperious desire for its cessation. And everything we know of Virgil's character and circumstances is of a nature to enhance this tendency. This longing of his life comes out finely in the well-known lines where, in the midst of his half-indignant allusion to the battles of Pharsalia and Philippi ("nec fuit indignum superis"), he dreams of a day when these horrors shall be matter of dim recollection to the peaceful cultivator of the soil:—

Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis,
Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exesa inveniet scabrâ rubigine pila:
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.

They are the expression of that longing desire with which the mind, overwhelmed by the pressure of painful circumstances, springs forward to a position from which they shall be contemplated from afar, and pictures their dim trace on the horizon of thought as a relief from the pressure of their actual details. It is a state of mind more expressive of profound weariness than any mere wish to escape altogether the memory of these circumstances; it speaks the oppression they have laid on the imagination, which it cannot shake off, which it can only relieve in changing the point of view, and contemplating afar off what it would so gladly cease to contemplate altogether.

And we must not forget that the feeling inspired by Augustus was something new in the world—that the identification of the nation's well-being with the life of an individual was such a sudden concentration of patriotic feeling as might well develop its heat. It is indeed true that in one sense the worship of the Cæsar was

not new; the apotheosis of Romulus had already accustomed the Roman mind to the association of a human ruler with the gods. But the deification of the founder of the empire was a different thing from the deification of the founder of the city. It was, we conceive, not the last ray of the hero-worship which is a part of the religion of the old world, but the first of an essentially different feeling — modern loyalty. And it is as true in the world of thought as in the world of sense, that the dawn of a new day has a radiance and purity of which those can know but little who have seen it only in its prosaic noon.

Augustus represented to Virgil the incarnate divine will which had enthroned Rome on the world's summit. The contrast between the monotonous success of Rome and the fugitive glory of Greece is very striking even to a modern. The glancing lights, the sudden vicissitudes of the elder power, bring the monotonous, unpausing advance to universal dominion of the younger into marked prominence even for us, who see it but as a small part of an infinitely wide scheme of human destiny; but how much more must this have been felt by those for whom it was the whole of history! The Romans turned to Greece for their whole literature; there is not a passage of any importance in Virgil, for instance, that is not more or less a translation from the Greek; and yet when they came to the actual Greeks of their day they felt about them not very differently from what we do. Their masters in thought, in eloquence, in art, had been set aside to make way for them. The latest historian of the Romans has called them "a great nation of commonplace men;" and, however we may regard that saying, it cannot be denied that their unvarying success was, with certain striking exceptions, not due to individual genius, but to a general tendency common to the whole nation. Such a destiny as this was fitted to impress strongly on the minds of those who watched and shared it the decision of an invisible power, acting through and above human wills, and often in direct opposition to them. This idea of the invisible fate of Rome (finely brought out by Mr. Nettleship in his reflections on the *Æneid*) was one of many preparations for the incorporation of this ideal in a visible ruler who should be the type and bond of that dominion to which Rome had advanced with unflinching and undeviating pace. Apart from some such element as this in the

dominion of the Cæsars, that dominion is incomprehensible. What modern nation has endured at the hands of its rulers the injuries of the sovereign Roman people under the hands of a Nero, a Caligula, a Domitian? What modern ruler has lacked elements of strength which to all of these (as the easy overthrow of the first shows) were absolutely wanting? The solution of this problem is, as all historical explanation must be, a complex one, but one element in the mysterious strength of imperialism was, we cannot doubt, that new alliance between the belief in the invisible, and that reverence for the visible, which emerges first, in alliance no doubt with much that is a source of anything but strength, in the attitude of Virgil to his prince. Virgil, says Ste.-Beuve, saw in the coming emperors a line of sovereigns of which Trajan would form the type. With all possible desire to make the most of every excuse for the "undue subservience to power," of which Mr. Sellar is obliged to plead guilty on behalf of his client, it does not seem to us that this was with Virgil so much a delusive ascription of moral strength as a set of ideas that do not belong to morality. The sense of willing submission to superior power cannot co-exist in any mind with a belief in the absolutely evil character of that power, but it is compatible (perhaps it is commonest in this association) with a complete absence of any moral estimate whatever. This is indeed exactly Virgil's attitude towards the gods. Professor Conington translates "Dis aliter visum," "Heaven's will be done." That seems to us a translation not only of language, but of feeling — a transference of Christian to heathen piety. Still it is a good illustration of the kind of change we have to make in his feeling before we can present it in a modern garb. His sense of stern unsympathetic dominion comes out again strongly in the opening lines of the third book of the *Æneid* :—

Postquam res Asiæ Priamique evertere gentem
Immeritam visum superis.*

In both cases the gods pass over and act against human desert; they take no count of the virtue of Riphœus, the innocence of Troy. Yet not the less they have a claim on the submission of the worshipper, they are the rulers whom man must obey, and it is something more than slavish subjection which prompts the impulse

* Cf. the passage already quoted, G. i. 490, "Nec fuit indignum superis" — i.e., to mere human feeling it would have seemed so.

to obey wholly and willingly. This is the very spirit that prepares subjects for Rome. It is not mere submission to brute force—it is by no means a mere prudent economy of all vain resistance, an enlightened discernment of the true interest of the party concerned. It is a real allegiance, but an allegiance which does not imply anything of the nature of moral approbation.

We shall understand this feeling better, as it is expressed upon the page of Virgil, if we remember that he was not originally a full Roman citizen.* He contemplated the mighty rule of Rome from the point of view of one who was admitted to all its glory and triumph, but who had also stood outside the charmed circle of privilege, and regarded the mighty structure as it presented itself to aliens. He knew it as it is to those within, and to those without. He was not altogether a Roman. The influences which told upon his youth were those which bind the conquered to the conquerors, but do not entirely obliterate the sense of subjection. And the character thus formed seems to us to breathe through all his more important writings, and give them their more distinctive character. The shadow and the glory of Roman dominion are both there, but the first more than the last; this was the side to which his nature responded most keenly, to which alone it was fitted to give any adequate expression. This is the spirit of the *Æneid*. The quotations most familiar to the memory of the reader are those which breathe the spirit of endurance—of a patient, resolute acceptance of a hard fate, in the confidence of some ultimate adjustment to human need, if not to human desire.

O passi graviores! dabit deus his quoque finem!

Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem;

Fortunam ex aliis.

Sentences like these, and the *Æneid* is full of them, are the utterance of a true subject of Rome. They paint that spirit of endurance which Livy demands by implication in his blame of Cicero ("nihil ut viro dignum erat tulit, præter mortem"), that endurance which is only possible to a thinking mind, when the sufferings to be endured are felt as part of some great coherent system of cause and effect

—as incidents in a realm of order. Nothing pleases us better in the volume which has occasioned these remarks than Mr. Sellar's citation, in reference to the death of Turnus, of Sir William Napier's fine account of the death of Sir John Moore. "He saw the inspiring hopes of triumph disappear, but the austere glory of suffering remain, and with a firm heart he accepted that gift of a severe fate."

Usque adeone mori miserum est? Vos, o mihi manes
Este boni quoniam superis aversa voluntas,

breathes the very spirit of that passage, it gathers up the Roman ideal with a touch of something that is not Roman. It seems to give a voice, in this victim of the ancestor of the Romans, to the whole subject world that lay at the feet of Rome.

The new ideal of Roman dominion, as a power binding the world in a framework of firm and coherent law, is indirectly manifest in another idea which in its fullest development belongs mainly to the modern world—the order of nature. No conception, indeed, is older than this—treatises "On Nature" are among the very earliest specimens of Greek literature, and the very fact that the Teutonic languages have borrowed the name from the Latin is a testimony to the deep root that the idea had cast into the soil of the old world. Still we may say that it appears, on the page of Virgil, in a new light, that it takes, with him, an aspect which belongs to the future as well as to the past. The nature of the *Georgics* answers to the fate of the *Æneid*. There is the same hesitation between the ideas of personal or impersonal power, the same latent analogy—the irresistible, mysterious, inexorable *imperium* of Rome. This strong political coloring comes out forcibly in one passage in the *Georgics* which exhibits as forcibly its entanglement with mythological ideas: "Thus nature at once imposed these laws, these eternal ordinances (*eterna fœdera*), when Deucalion first cast stones in an empty world whence the hard race of men arose" (G. i. 60-63). Did Virgil believe in the legend of Deucalion as he believed in the order of nature? Perhaps he could hardly have answered the question himself. He had the liveliest sympathy with a simple, unquestioning piety; he had a deep sense also of the value of that sturdy, scientific habit of mind which questions all received explanation; and he would have been puzzled, doubtless, to define their mutual limits. He seems to have found

* The Transpadani did not obtain the full franchise till a.c. 49.

refuge from the difficulty in a vague but real sense of superior power, under whose stern control men had been driven from their natural sloth to that hard, patient industry which was an essential part of the Roman ideal of virtue (G. i. 120-145), and the actual existence of the political type of this power must have given it new meaning, while it bound it closely to those mythological conceptions which logically were inconsistent with it. If in contemplation the ideals were irreconcilable, the simple life of the peasant, who even on holy days (G. i. 268) might set up hurdles, burn weeds, or drain land, attained a practical compromise between them, which might well appear as a harmony of both.

In the Virgilian idea of nature as a coherent body of universal law, corresponding to that body of law which the Roman rule had spread from the Euphrates to the Rhine, and which, severe and inflexible, was yet on the whole beneficent, modern feeling may find much that is in harmony with itself. But there is not less sympathy between the spirit of our day and this poetry, when we regard it on another side. Mr. Sellar indeed goes a little further in this direction than we can follow him, in saying that "he has some anticipations of that longing for communion with nature in her wilder and more desolate aspect, which we associate with modern rather than with classical poetry;" but doubtless the instinct of a true scholar discerns these anticipations where an ordinary reader is blind to them. If Mr. Sellar is right, we can only say that our parallel with Scott would be closer than we can ourselves feel it. Virgil's love of nature seems to us exactly the eighteenth-century love of nature at its best. His description reminds us of Addison's version of the twenty-third Psalm; it leads us

Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

We glide along between tawny wheat-fields, by the ancient walls of illustrious cities, or under the shadow of citadel-crowned rocks (G. ii. 155); the mountain gloom and the mountain grandeur are remote. Still there is a very vivid touch of that peculiarly modern feeling — the love of the country. Till great cities arose, indeed, this feeling was impossible. As one of the charms of travel is the added appreciation of home, so the special development of a town life is an appreciation of the

Secura quies, et nescia fallere vita,

*Speluncæ, vivique lacus, et frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, molles sub arbore somni,*

of which Virgil draws so loving a picture at the close of the second *Georgic*.^{*} The turmoil and the din of city life form a necessary background to those images of repose; you could not have the last without the first. We can imagine the hold of these peaceful images upon a shy and gentle nature who had been driven by rapine from a home where they blended with all early recollection; we can conceive how the life of rural industry he sought to ennoble and revive embodied all that was the object to him of admiration, sympathy, or regret. These pictures of rustic life, the ploughman bending over the share, the girl at her distaff, the old soldier with his beehives, the farmer's wife crooning out her ballad over her loom, the frisking kids, the lowing kine, would have been woven together, in modern art, by some human interest, such as two women of genius in our own country and in France have blended with their pictures of English and French farmhouse and cottage life. Such a mould for imagination and sentiment did not then exist, and Virgil, the most conservative of poets, was not the one to discover it; but the reader of George Sand or of George Eliot is reminded from time to time of some slight touch in the *Georgics*; and perhaps one reason that the poem is felt heavy, if we read much of it at once, is that we are accustomed to the same kind of images we find represented there in association with strong emotion and varied incident. We miss the foreground, because the background is not altogether unfamiliar to the eye.

But though this dramatic interest is conspicuously absent from the poem which, as the glorification of the peculiarly Roman quality of industry, and as the art to which Roman feeling attached most importance, may in some sense be accounted Virgil's most important, and which is his only great finished work; yet it appears to us that it is in his verse that we may trace the first dawn of that sentiment to which all modern drama owes its main interest.

* The passage comes home to an English ear much more closely in Dr. Kennedy's charming translation: —
"Yet theirs are careless ease and guileless life,
In varied wealth abundant; spacious parks,
Grottoes, and living lakes, the cool deep vale;
Kine lowing, and soft sleep beneath the tree
They lack not, glades are there, the haunts of deer,
And patient working, little craving men,
Gods worshipped, sires revered."

Of course Dido is in outline a mere copy, like every other figure in the poem; the Medea of Apollonius Rhodius, a very inferior poet, supplied Virgil with the outline. But here, as elsewhere, the coloring seems to us to belong rather to the modern than the ancient world.

Throughout the whole range of ancient art you do not find any adequate delineation of that feeling which forms the main subject of modern fiction. We speak of it, of course, on that side on which modern feeling dwells most willingly; on another side ancient art is emphatic enough, but the peculiar note of *love as a sentiment*, which to us is made so flat and trivial by its incessant repetition, is absolutely wanting to the melody of the old world. Let any reader, for instance, try to imagine "the tale of Troy divine" on the lips of a modern, and then recur to its original utterance; the blank of all that would be emphasized in its modern version must strike him forcibly. Or take another tale which really has, though probably by accident, been treated by the greatest poets of the ancient and modern world; compare the story of Orestes and Hamlet, and mark how bare the Greek version of the son's revenge is of all that, in its English garb, gives its peculiar meaning, and he will realize vividly the different world that is created by modern and by ancient art. The ancients were in all respects simpler than we are; they knew the completeness that is impossible to those who have looked towards the infinite; and—as we have said of loyalty, so we must repeat here—that element in human bonds which makes them a suggestion of something beyond, was wholly wanting to them. But in this respect also Virgil is more than half a modern. Nothing in ancient verse seems to us so closely allied with modern feeling as the meeting of Dido and Æneas in the shades. The silence of wounded love, the hush of a mighty recollection that can as little revive as discard the emotions to which it points, are painted in those few lines, not certainly as a modern would have painted them, but with more force because with more reticence than a second-rate artist of our day would give them, and with more apprehension than any first-rate artist before Virgil could have given them. We meet in his verse for the first time with something like the romantic sentiment of love.

The episode of Dido is indeed from many reasons one of the most noteworthy in the range of fiction. Its interest is by no means confined to the region of fiction.

Without following out the elaborate hypothesis of a modern critic of the *Æneid*,* who has found an Augustan prototype for all the principal personages, it is impossible to read the account of the dying queen and not think of another queen perishing by her own hand after an attempt to win a heart as cold as, and much harder than, that of Æneas. The proud farewell to life—

Vixi, et quem dederat cursum fortuna, peregi,
Et nunc magna mei sub terras ibit imago—

seems to echo the "non humilis mulier" of Horace, and recalls the proud words of the dying attendant of Cleopatra: "It is well done, and worthy of a princess." And though the delineation is not free from a certain hardness, yet when we consider how a flatterer of Augustus might have painted a prototype of his victim, we shall discern in the actual picture no small evidence of the temperance and purity of the painter. But the gentleness of Virgil's nature comes out even more strongly in this picture, regarded under another of those cross lights which history throws upon it. It seems to us impossible to read the address of the suppliant Trojans to Dido, and not feel in them some reflection on the barbarous policy of the third Punic war. Who can think that when Virgil wrote,

Non nos aut ferro Libycos populare Penates
Venimus, aut raptas ad littora vertere prædas
Non ea vis animo, nec tanta superbia victis,

he forgot, or remembered without a sigh, that the Romans, made proud by conquest, *had* devastated the Libyan homes, *had* turned the proud city of Carthage to a wilderness? Doubtless it was a very different kind of regret from that with which an Englishman would recall, for instance, the massacre of Drogheda. The feelings with which any virtuous modern would regard an act of cruelty on the part of his countrymen were still inaccessible to a Roman of the first century before Christ. Still we cannot but think there is regret here. "The time will come," so we would expand the passage, "when our descendants will indeed level your rising walls and leave these stately temples a shapeless ruin. The empire of the world, to which they are called, is not to be had on other than these hard terms. But for such tasks Heaven chooses other ministers. For us, disciplined by a stern fate—taught pity by terrible suffering—no

* Dunlop: History of Roman Literature.

such cruel mandate is issued. Those who have known are not called upon to inflict the miseries of conquest and exile."

If the reader turns from the dying speech of Dido to Cicero's allusions to Hannibal, and contrasts the injustice of one of the greatest of orators to the purest of patriots with the grand space that is prepared for a heroic figure in her prophetic appeal, he will feel the power of that sympathy with misfortune, of that capacity for discerning greatness through failure, which was so unlike a Roman, or indeed an ancient, and was so characteristic of Virgil. The avenger whom Dido summons to arise from her tomb is excused beforehand for the desolation he was to carry to the very gates of Rome. The intolerable injuries which summon the youthful Hannibal to swear an undying hatred to Rome are here as it were at once prophesied and allegorized, and the "poet of the Capitol," as Ste.-Beuve calls Virgil, sets in the fairest light the great enemy whose javelin struck her walls. Not that he hesitates for a moment in his allegiance to the victorious power; this allegiance is his religion—the will of heaven is manifest in the triumph of Rome; but he, remembering perhaps the home he had lost, "where the hills bend in gracious slope to the aged beeches and the river," knew something of what that triumph had cost, and could regard his country's recollections, for a moment, from the side of her victims. He could, even in celebrating the glorious destiny of Rome, remember those she had crushed beneath her irresistible chariot wheels. His will is wholly with the conquerors, but his sympathy is with the vanquished.

Such appear to us the characteristics which render Virgil the prophet of a new political and social order in the world. A yet more interesting line of investigation has followed out this idea to a deeper region, and found in him the prophet of a new religion. Indeed a whole growth of legend clusters round this view. St. Paul is represented, in a mass of the fifteenth century, as weeping over his tomb and exclaiming, "What a man I would have made of thee, greatest of poets!" Three martyrs in the Decian persecution were said to have owed their conversion to his poetry, and Statius is made by Dante to greet him in purgatory with the acknowledgement, "To thee I owe it that I was a poet; to thee that I was a Christian." The fact that Constantine translated a part of his fourth Eclogue at the council of Nice as a prophecy of Christianity is

matter of history, and a greater than Constantine hailed him as a guide in his dark journey through the awful shades which lie beyond the grave. Virgil, indeed, had borne witness to that mysterious world; he had spoken—perhaps not with undoubting faith, but certainly with reverent solemnity—of the awful penalties at which his greatest predecessor on the heights of Roman poetry had scoffed as mere metaphor; he had been a witness to the Christian poet that a heathen might realize the depth of the abyss from which he could not conjecture the deliverance, to which he could not imagine the contrast. So far as this we may accept the fancy which reckoned Virgil among the prophets of Christ.

Perhaps we may go further than this. No Christian poet is so emphatically as Virgil the poet of resignation. A mournful acceptance of the decrees of heaven breathes throughout his verse and gives it that pathetic tenderness of which Dr. Newman speaks in words that echo its own beauty. His lines have indeed a power to soothe the oppressed heart, which is often wanting in those which have been uttered with that object. They steal upon the mind with a vision of some larger world, where the struggle and the weariness of life is seen as part of a general plan, through acquiescence in which man may shake off something of that sense of baffled effort which makes up so large a part of the burden of human experience, and feel himself at least a fellow-worker with the power which is to prevail in the end. They seem to repeat the strain of human trouble with some added keynote that robs it of its discord. Their plaintive minor sets itself to the sad rhythm of perplexity and defeat that haunts us all, and lends complaint a certain grace. They open no infinite vista of hope, nor do they ever quite attain that depth of current and volume in which the highest tragedy sweeps all minor emotions into one mighty stream, and, by supplying large and lofty ideal springs of feeling, seems to absorb that kind of distress which is weighted with the sense of inadequacy. But they present human sorrow in an aspect which links it to some mysterious development of a divine purpose; and this idea, even where it brings in no vision of heavenly love and fostering care, robs suffering of its worst sting.

It may be said, perhaps, that the feelings suggested by those words belong rather to the modern than to the ancient world. The word *fatum*, or *fata*, Mr.

Sellar reminds us, recurs more than forty times in the first three books of the *Æneid*, and the idea predominates throughout the poem. This supreme decision, identified by an Italian with the dominion of Rome, is rather accepted by, than originating with the will of Jove; it is a conception hovering above and near the world of Olympus, always tending to identify itself with the supreme power there, but never quite consistently embodied in a single will. There can be no doubt that this gradual attraction of the idea of fate to the will of Jove was a preparation for monotheism; but it is also true that this idea of fate, and the resignation which corresponds to it, is not characteristic of historic Christianity. Wherever the ultimate reason that I should suffer this or that lies in the decision of a person, my temptation will be to try to change that will; the sense of a superior wisdom is not so persistent a feeling as the objection to suffer, and our experience of human will as something changeable insensibly affects our view of all will. *Οἱ προσκυνῶντες τὴν Ἀδραστείαν σοφοί*, is not a Christian feeling; rather the Christian sympathy would be with the rebellious Prometheus, whom these words (not, of course, the whole spirit of the drama of which they form a part) condemn. The truth is that the surrender of individual choice, the merging of the self in a larger whole, in which resignation consists, is opposed by so much of our nature that it has, as a matter of experience, been attained most completely where it is aided by somewhat inconsistent allies. No man has ever resigned himself, in the deepest sense of that word, to the operation of unconscious law. But that blending of the idea of unconscious law and conscious will which we find in the "fate" of Virgil precludes any restless effort to change the will which frustrates man's aims and crushes his hopes by the awful inexorableness of law thus mysteriously associated, and yet not exactly identified, with the will of the divinity; while this mysterious association presents to the mind, in yielding up its aims and hopes, a being who can be the object of those sentiments which, between human beings, have made sacrifice possible. It suggests at once those motives for the surrender which, to our narrowly limited view, are not perfectly consistent. It presents to the imagination a will which motives cannot move, a law which puts forth a conscious claim to submission. The highest and, we believe, the only secure ground of resignation is belief in a

holy will. But the next possibility of this feeling is afforded by some such belief in a mystic combination of will and law as is the ideal of the *Æneid*, and, though the last belief has not been common, it is less rare than the first.

We must allow, therefore, that the religious element to which the *Æneid* owes the greater part of its interest (we are far from saying this of the poems of Virgil as a whole) is one that is not only not introductory to Christianity, it is in a certain sense alien from Christianity. It is a kind of feeling which, so far as it has been realized at all, has been by another form of religion altogether. Nevertheless the suggestion of the legend which connects Virgil with St. Paul does not appear to us altogether misleading. The word *pietas*, which we associate with the hero of the *Æneid*, is one of those whose signification has bifurcated in its Romance stage, the feeling which binds high and low in a mutual relation, and which the Latins expressed by that one word, being by us contemplated in its upward aspect under the name of *piety*, while *pity* is its responsive outflow from above. Thus the gods are "*pia numina*;" thus Priam can appeal with indignant prayer to him who witnesses the cruelty of Pyrrhus, "*Dī, si qua est cælo pietas*." Piety is the common virtue of earth and of heaven, it binds the worshipped to the worshipper; reverence below implying compassion above. It is this belief which links Virgil to the world that is to follow him far more closely than to the world which had afforded him his models. It is a new thing in the world. In Homer we meet with the idea of a number of supernatural beings participating in the interests of humanity and extending their protecting care to individuals. In Plato we find the sense of an invisible Being above man, towards whom he may elevate himself. It is to a feeblér genius than any of the great thinkers of Greece that we owe the first dawn of a feeling which though partly developed out of these elements is yet distinct from them, and is the distinction characteristic of the world which followed him,—the sense of the claim of weakness, of misfortune. This consciousness is finely brought out in the successful appeal to the compassion of the Trojans on the part of the Greek fugitive from Polyphemus. "I am," cries the suppliant, "indeed a Greek. I have indeed taken part in the attack on Ilium. Cast me into the waves if you deem our offence needs such expiation; gladly shall I perish, so it be by the hands of my fellow-

men." And though his prayer might well recall the treacherous appeal of Sino, and thus revive all the deadliest hate of the deceived and ruined Trojans, Anchises himself comes forward at once to remove all terror from the trembling suppliant, and the fleet of Troy saves a Greek. That sense of the revelation of a common humanity as the result of misfortune, of the power of compassion to submerge the deadliest hate, and find common ground with a suffering foe — that feeling which in its fullest development we associate with modern life — was certainly entirely wanting to the great nation of whose literature Virgil was almost a servile copyist. That resolution of resentment in pity, apart from which the true might of pity is untested — that power of compassion to create relation — would, we believe, have taken to a Greek a somewhat contemptible aspect. The fierce and impious Diomed would never in the earlier and more vigorous portraiture have reckoned on the compassion of Priam for the woes of his conquerors (*Æn.* xi. 252, "vel Priamo miseranda manus"). The pity of a vanquished enemy would have been, by a Greek, as little imagined as desired.

It is interesting to note how little touches of this feeling come in here and there with a sort of double significance, binding the reader's sympathies to those personages in the drama who are least worthy of sympathy, and bringing in the dumb companions of man's fortunes into sympathy with the world above them. Thus the fierce Mezentius, the "despiser of the gods," the ruthless tyrant of men, turns in his anguish for the death of his son to the faithful companion of his warfare, his horse Rhoebus; and, as though reckoning on his responsive sympathy, promises him, "This day thou shalt bear the bloody spoils of Æneas, and take part in my revenge, or else thou shalt share my fall — thou, bravest one, couldst never endure the command of a stranger" (*Æn.* x. 361-366). Here also Virgil has his model in the appeal of Hector to his steeds (*Il.* viii. 185), but the transference of this little trait from a character distinguished for tenderness, to one whose dying request is that his body may be protected from the hatred roused by his cruelties to his subjects, seems to us especially characteristic of the peculiar quality we are endeavoring to indicate, and which we can only describe as the opposite of ruthlessness. It seems as if some gentle influence held Virgil's hand in all the dark shades of his picture, and infused some

touch of light in the midst of the blackest shadow.

The *Æneid* is the epic of failure — of the failure that is pregnant with triumph, of the victory of the vanquished. The defeated Trojan exiles are the founders of imperial Rome. The defeated Italians are the ancestors of the victorious Romans. The victors are absorbed by the vanquished, they conquer the natives of the promised land only to endow their race with an eternal stability and a universal dominion. And if in the single case of Rome's great enemy this generous sympathy seems to fail, and the despair of the unhappy queen seems drawn with an unsympathizing pencil, this failure is only apparent. The glimpse of Dido reunited to her earlier love in the shadowy groves of the lower world comes in to soften the painful impression of repulse and despair left by her tragic history, and we are left to believe that for many beside her and Turnus, who have not found life altogether benign, something better may remain elsewhere. Mr. Sellar notes the pretty simile by which Virgil describes the shades upon the bank of Acheron, as suggestive of a deeper faith than appears. Those who have known a mature experience of life, and those who have left life almost untasted, — heroes and matrons, youths and girls unwed, — all cluster on the dark shore like flocks of migratory birds, whom the cold breath of winter drives forward to a *sunnier sky*. Perhaps the suggestion does not very exactly correspond to the vision that follows, yet the lines so perfectly express the spirit of what we feel best in our poet, that we can find no word of his more appropriate for our farewell to him, than this comparison of death to the wintry wind which, touching the swallows,

Trans pontum fugat, et terris immittit apricis.

The vein of sympathy with suffering, of tenderness for the lowly, which we have endeavored to trace in Virgil, is unquestionably a modern feeling. For eighteen hundred years the lesson of compassion, of forgiveness, of consideration for the weak, has been a part of the ideal of civilization; it has penetrated every fibre of our moral being, and passed, by long inheritance, into a condition of life we can as little dispense with in imagination as we can with the atmosphere around us. The moral associations of a creed which has found its symbol in the instrument of an ignominious punishment are independent of its historical basis; they influence

profoundly many who hear that history with cold and inattentive ear, many who utterly reject it. Thus it has happened that the lesson of pity, repeated by a hundred voices, and not rejected in word by any, has become trite. Familiarized by every variety of statement and illustration, it has gained in its hold on the ethical side of our nature what it has inevitably lost in its fitness for literary expression. The artist, as much as the orator, needs the cynical warning of Quintilian, that the tear of pity is soon dry. That strange fugitiveness of sympathy, which is so often painfully impressed on hopeless sufferers, and perhaps still more painfully on those who witness hopeless suffering, has its intellectual correlate in the law which inseparably associates pathos and reserve. The expression to which we should apply the word *pathetic* must be always apparently incomplete; there can be no pathos where we are not made to feel "the rest is silence." And the superiority of ancient art on this ground corresponds to its inferiority on a moral ground — its narrower ideal implied a richer fountain of suggestion, a wider scope for the power that touches latent springs of feeling. The peculiar strength of our gentle poet lies in the fact that with him ancient art has been wedded to something like modern feeling. "*Il lui a été donné*," says Ste.-Beuve, "*à une heure décisive de l'histoire, de deviner ce qu'aimerait l'avenir*." But that vague presentiment was joined to a set of traditions, a standard of feeling and action, by which it was chastened and subdued, so that it only breaks through the barrier into a shy and incomplete expression — the very immaturity and incompleteness of the feeling supplying its own check. Hence, though much that is said here may suggest effeminacy, he has never been felt effeminate. Hence (to conclude with words to which we have alluded above), "his single words and phrases, his pathetic half-lines, give utterance, as the voice of nature herself, to that pain and weariness, yet hope of better things, which is the experience of her children in every time."*

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

* Newman, Grammar of Assent, pp. 75, 76.

THE LITTLE OLD MAN OF THE BATIGNOLLES.

A CHAPTER FROM A DETECTIVE'S MEMOIRS.

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE,

FROM THE FRENCH OF

EMILE GABORIAN, AUTHOR OF "WITHIN AN INCH OF HIS LIFE," ETC.

VII.

It was not far from ten o'clock, when Monsieur Méchiné, whom I still accompanied, rang the bell at the door of his suite of rooms.

"I never carry a pass-key," said he. "In our profession, one never knows what may happen. There are a great many rascals who bear me a grudge, and if I'm not always careful on my own account, I must be for the sake of my wife."

My worthy neighbor's explanation was unnecessary: I had understood the state of affairs, and even noticed that he rang in a particular way, which must have been a preconcerted signal between his wife and himself.

Pretty Madame Méchiné opened the door.

With a movement rapid and graceful as a kitten, she threw herself into her husband's arms, exclaiming, —

"Here you are at last! I don't know why, but I felt almost anxious."

But she suddenly stopped; she had just seen me. Her bright face clouded, she drew back, and addressing herself as much to me as to her husband, continued, —

"What! you have just left the café, at this hour, there's no sense in it."

Monsieur Méchiné's lips wore the indulgent smile of a man sure of being loved, who knows that he can appease by a single word the quarrel that is being sought with him.

"Don't scold us, Caroline," he replied, associating me in his cause by the plural pronoun, "we haven't just left the café, and we haven't been wasting our time. Some one came for me on business, a murder committed in the Batignolles."

The young wife, with a suspicious look, glanced alternately at her husband and myself, and when convinced that we were not deceiving her, merely said, —

"Ah!"

But it would require a page to enumerate everything this short exclamation contained.

It was addressed to Monsieur Méchiné, and plainly meant, —

What! You have trusted yourself to

this young man, revealed your position, initiated him into our secrets!

This was the manner in which I interpreted the eloquent "ah," and my worthy neighbor understood it in the same way, for he replied, —

"Well, yes. Where's the harm? If I have to fear the vengeance of the scoundrels I have delivered up to justice, what have I to dread from honest folks? Do you suppose I hide myself, that I'm ashamed of my profession."

"You misunderstood me, my dear," observed the young wife.

Monsieur Méchinot did not even hear her.

He had just mounted — I learned this afterwards — a favorite hobby, that always carried him away.

"Zounds!" he continued, "you have strange ideas, madame. What! I am one of the forlorn hopes of civilization, at the cost of my repose and the risk of my life, I secure the safety of society, and I am to blush for it! That wouldn't be pleasant. You will tell me that various absurd prejudices, bequeathed by the past, exist against us. What do I care? Yes, I know that there are sensitive gentlemen who look down upon us. But, deuce take it! I'd like to see their faces, if my colleagues and I struck work to-morrow, leaving the city to the army of scoundrels we hold in check."

Madame Méchinot, who was doubtless accustomed to outbursts of this kind, did not utter a word; and she was wise, for my worthy neighbor, meeting with no contradiction, calmed down as if by magic.

"But enough of that," he said to his wife. "There's something more important just now. We've had no dinner, and are starving, can you give us some supper?"

What had happened this evening must have occurred too frequently for Madame Méchinot to allow herself to be found unprepared.

"You shall have supper in five minutes," she replied, with the pleasantest of smiles.

In fact, a moment after, we were seated at table before an excellent piece of cold roast beef, attended by Madame Méchinot, who constantly filled our glasses with excellent Macon wine.

While my worthy neighbor was conscientiously devoting himself to his supper, I, looking at his peaceful home and pretty little wife, asked myself if this were really one of the "fierce" detectives, who have been the heroes of so many absurd tales.

But our hunger was soon appeased, and

Monsieur Méchinot began to tell his wife about our expedition. And he did not relate the affair carelessly, but gave the most minute details. She was seated by his side, and the way in which she listened asking explanations when she did not understand, revealed the bourgeoisie Egeria, who was accustomed to be consulted.

When Monsieur Méchinot had finished, she said, —

"You've made one great mistake, an irreparable mistake."

"What?"

"You ought not to have gone to the prefecture when you left the Batignolles."

"But Monistrol —"

"Yes, you wanted to question him. — What did you gain?"

"I have gained, my dear —"

"Nothing. It's to the Rue Vivienne you ought to have gone, to the wife. You would have surprised her under the influence of the agitation she must necessarily have felt at her husband's arrest, and if she is an accomplice, as may be supposed, by a little adroitness, you would have made her confess."

I had started from my chair at the words.

"What, madame," I cried, you think Monistrol guilty!"

After a moment's hesitation she answered, —

"Yes."

Then, in a very eager tone, she continued, —

"But I'm sure, perfectly sure, that the idea of the murder originated with the wife. Out of every twenty crimes committed by men, fifteen are conceived and inspired by women. Ask Méchinot. The concierge's testimony ought to have enlightened you. What is this Madame Monistrol? A remarkably beautiful person, you were told, coquettish, ambitious, consumed by covetousness, a woman who leads her husband about by the nose. Now, what were her circumstances? Poor, narrow, precarious. She suffered from them, as is proved by her asking her uncle to lend her a hundred thousand francs. He refused, thus baffling her hopes. Do you suppose that she did not bear him a mortal hatred? She must have often repeated, 'If this old miser were dead, we should be rich.' And when she saw him healthy and strong as an oak, she said to herself, 'He'll live a hundred years — when he leaves us his property, we sha'n't be able to enjoy it, and who knows whether he

won't bury us.' Is it so long a step from this point to the thought of committing a crime? And when the determination was once fixed in her mind, she gradually prepared her husband, familiarized him with the thought of murder, put, so to speak, the knife into his hand. And one day, threatened with bankruptcy, worn out by his wife's lamentation, he dealt the blow."

"All this is logical," said Monsieur Méchainet.

Very logical, undoubtedly, but what became of the circumstances discovered by us?

"Then, madame," said I, "you think Monistrol was stupid enough to denounce himself by writing his name."

She shrugged her shoulders, and answered, —

"Is that a folly? I don't think so, since it is your strongest argument in favor of his innocence."

The reasoning was so specious, that for a moment I felt bewildered. Then recovering myself: "But he confesses that he is guilty, madame," I insisted.

"An excellent way of engaging the law to prove his innocence."

"Oh!"

"You are a proof of it, my dear Monsieur Godeuil."

"Why, madame, the unfortunate man doesn't even know how his uncle was murdered."

"Excuse me; he doesn't *seem* to know — which is not the same thing."

The discussion became animated, and would have lasted a long time if Monsieur Méchainet had not put an end to it.

"Come, come," he said to his wife kindly, "you're too romantic this evening."

Then addressing himself to me, —

"As to you," he continued, "I'll take you with me to-morrow, and we'll call on Madame Monistrol. Now, as I'm almost dead with sleep, good-night."

He could sleep, but I could not close my eyes.

A secret voice in my heart cried out that Monistrol was innocent.

My imagination pictured with terrible vividness the tortures of the unfortunate man, alone in his prison cell.

But why had he confessed?

VIII.

WHAT I then lacked — I've had occasion to call myself to account for it a hundred times since — was experience, familiarity with the profession, and especially a thorough knowledge of the modes of action of the police.

I dimly felt that this examination had been badly, or rather superficially, conducted, but I should have been troubled to tell why, and especially to say what ought to have been done.

I was none the less deeply interested in Monistrol.

It seemed as if his cause was my own. And this was very natural: my youthful vanity was aroused. Was it not a remark of mine, that had raised the first doubts in regard to the unfortunate man's guilt?

"I must prove his innocence," I said to myself.

Unfortunately the arguments carried on during the evening had disturbed my mind so much, that I no longer knew on what fact to erect my structure. As always happens when we fix our minds too long on the solution of a problem, my ideas became as confused as a skein in the hands of a child. I no longer saw clearly, everything was chaos.

Leaning back in my armchair, I was still racking my brains when Monsieur Méchainet, faithful to the promise made the evening before, came for me.

"Come, come," he said, shaking me rudely; for I had not heard him enter, "let's be off."

"I'm ready," I said, rising.

We hastily went down-stairs, and I then noticed that my worthy neighbor was dressed with more care than usual.

He had succeeded in giving himself that easy, well-to-do air, which is so particularly attractive to the Parisian shop-keeper.

His good spirits were those of a man sure of himself, who is advancing to certain victory.

We were soon in the street, and while we were on our way, —

"Well," he asked, "what do you think of my wife? I pass for a sharp fellow at the prefecture, and yet I consult her. Molière consulted his servant — and I've often profited by her advice. She has one weakness: to her there are no clumsy crimes, and her imagination lends all villains the power of diabolical combinations. But as I have precisely the opposite failing, and am perhaps a little too positive, it's rare that the truth does not appear during our consultations."

"What!" I cried, "you think you have penetrated the mystery of the Monistrol affair?"

He stopped short, drew his snuff-box out of his pocket, took three or four of his imaginary pinches, and replied, —

"At least I have the means of penetrating it."

Meantime we had reached the top of the Rue Vivienne, not far from Monistrol's shop.

"Pay attention," said Monsieur Méchin; "follow me, and whatever happens, let nothing surprise you."

He did well to warn me, or I should have been greatly astonished to see him abruptly enter an umbrella shop.

Stiff and grave as an Englishman, he turned over the whole stock, found nothing to suit him, and at last asked whether an umbrella could be made for him like a pattern which he would furnish.

He was told that it would be the easiest thing in the world, and went out saying he would come back the next morning.

The half-hour spent in the shop had certainly not been lost.

While examining the umbrellas placed before him, he had had sufficient art to draw from the shop-keepers all that they knew of Monsieur and Madame Monistrol.

It was an easy matter, after all, for the affair of the "little old man of the Batignolles," and the arrest of the dealer in imitation jewelry had caused great excitement throughout the neighborhood, and was the universal subject of conversation. "There," said he, when we were outside, "that's the way to obtain exact information. When people know with whom they are dealing, they strike attitudes, make stilted speeches, and then good-bye to the truth."

Monsieur Méchin repeated this farce in seven or eight shops in the neighborhood, and even spent twenty francs in one, whose owners were quiet and not disposed to talk.

But after two hours of this strange occupation, which greatly amused me, we were thoroughly posted in regard to public opinion. We knew precisely what was thought of Monsieur and Madame Monistrol in the neighborhood where they had lived since their marriage, that is, four years.

There was but one opinion about the husband.

He was said to be the best and kindest of men, obliging, honest, intelligent, and industrious. If he had not succeeded in his business, it was because fortune does not always favor those who are most deserving. He had made the mistake of hiring a shop devoted to bankruptcy—four merchants had been ruined in it within fifteen years.

He worshipped his wife, everybody knew and said, but this great love had never passed proper limits, never exposed him to ridicule.

No one could believe in his guilt.

His arrest, it was said, must be a mistake on the part of the police.

Opinions were divided in regard to Madame Monistrol.

Some thought her too fine for her position, others said that a fashionable costume was one of the necessities of her business.

It was generally believed that she sincerely loved her husband, and she was universally praised for her prudence, a prudence the more meritorious because she was remarkably beautiful and besieged by numerous admirers. But she had never given occasion for gossip, not the slightest breath of suspicion had sullied her immaculate character.

This, I perceived, greatly perplexed Monsieur Méchin.

"Strange," said he, "not a tale, not a slander, not a calumny. This isn't what Caroline supposed. According to her idea, we ought to find one of these shop-keepers who are always behind the counter, display their beauty more than their wares, and consign the husband—a blind fool or careless toad-eater—to the back shop. And she is nothing of the sort!"

I made no reply, being less puzzled than my neighbor.

We were a long way from the testimony of the concierge in the Rue Lécluse, so greatly does the point of sight vary according to the neighborhood. What is considered horrible coquetry in the Batignolles, is only a business necessity in the Rue Vivienne.

But we had already spent too much time in our inquiries to stop to exchange impressions and discuss our conjectures.

"Now," said Monsieur Méchin, "before entering the place, let us study the approaches to it."

And trained to carrying on these prudent investigations amid the bustle of Paris, he made me a sign to follow him into a doorway, directly opposite Monistrol's shop.

It was an unpretending, almost shabby shop, compared with those that surrounded it. The front needed painting. Over the door, in letters once gilt, but now smoked and blackened, was the name of Monistrol. On the panes were inscribed *Gold and Imitation Jewelry*.

Alas! it was principally imitation jewelry that glittered in the windows. From the rods hung a quantity of plated chains, jet ornaments, diadems of brilliants, necklaces of imitation coral, and pins, rings,

and sleeve-buttons set with imitation gems of all colors.

A poor display, I perceived at a glance, and one that would not tempt shop-breakers.

"Let's go in," I said to Monsieur Méchinot.

He was less impatient than I, or understood how to control his impatience better, for he grasped me by the arm, saying, —

"One moment, I should like to catch a glimpse of Madame Monistrol."

But it was in vain that we remained at our post of observation for twenty minutes longer; the shop was still empty, Madame Monistrol did not appear.

"We have waited long enough," my worthy neighbor at last exclaimed. "Come, Monsieur Godeuil, we'll risk it."

IX.

To reach Monistrol's shop, we had only to cross the street.

This was done in four strides.

At the sound of the opening door, a little servant fifteen or sixteen years old, shabbily dressed, and with tangled hair, came out of the back shop.

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?" she asked.

"Is Madame Monistrol in?"

"Yes, gentlemen, and I'll tell her you are here, because, you see —"

Monsieur Méchinot did not give her time to finish.

With a somewhat rude movement, I confess, he thrust her out of his way and entered the back shop, saying, —

"Very well, since she is in, I'm going to speak to her."

I followed at my worthy neighbor's heels, sure that we should not go away without having the clue to the enigma.

The back shop was a gloomy apartment, which served for dining, drawing, and sleeping room.

It was in disorder, and had the incongruous appearance often seen in the homes of poor people, who try to seem rich. At one end was a bed with blue silk curtains and pillow cases trimmed with lace, and before the mantelpiece was a table loaded with the remains of a by no means simple breakfast.

A fair-haired young woman sat, or rather reclined, in a large armchair, holding in her hand a sheet of stamped paper.

This was Madame Monistrol.

Certainly, when her neighbors had told us of her beauty, their description fell far

short of the reality. I was actually dazzled.

Only one circumstance excited my disapproval; she was attired in deep mourning, a *crêpe* dress cut slightly low in the neck, which was marvellously becoming.

This showed too much presence of mind for great sorrow. It seemed like an actress dressing herself in advance for the part she is to play.

She started like a timid roe at our entrance, and in a voice apparently choked with tears, asked, —

"What do you want, gentlemen?"

Monsieur Méchinot had noticed what I had remarked.

"Madame," he answered harshly, "I am sent here in the service of the law, I am a detective."

At this statement she sank back in the armchair with a moan that would have softened a tiger.

Then suddenly, in a frenzy of excitement, with sparkling eyes and quivering lips, she exclaimed, —

"Have you come to arrest me? You are welcome. I am ready, take me away. I shall join the honest man you arrested yesterday. Whatever his fate may be, I wish to share it. He is as innocent as I am — no matter. If he must be a victim to an error of human justice, it will be a last joy to die with him."

She was interrupted by a low growl, which proceeded from one of the corners of the shop.

I looked in the direction of the sound, and saw a black dog, with bristling hair and blood-shot eyes, showing its teeth, just ready to spring at us.

"Down, Pluto!" said Madame Monistrol, "lie down; these gentlemen will do me no harm."

Slowly, still fixing its eyes fiercely upon us, the animal retreated under the bed.

"You are right in saying that we will do you no harm, madame," replied Monsieur Méchinot, "we did not come to arrest you."

She did not seem to hear.

"This very morning," she continued, "I received this paper, which commands me to go at three o'clock to the Palais de Justice, to the office of the examining magistrate. What do they want of me? Oh heaven! what do they want of me?"

"To obtain information, which, I hope, will prove your husband's innocence. So don't look upon me as an enemy, madame. I wish to ascertain the truth."

He took up his snuff-box, hastily thrust

his fingers into it, and in a solemn tone, which I did not recognize, continued, —

"It is for you to decide, madame, what answers you will make to the questions I shall have the honor of addressing to you. Will you reply frankly?"

She fixed her large blue eyes, wet with tears, upon my worthy neighbor, and said, in a tone of sorrowful resignation, —

"Question me, sir."

For the third time, I repeat, I was utterly inexperienced. And yet the manner in which Monsieur Méchinét had commenced this examination disturbed me.

He was betraying his perplexities in advance, it seemed to me, and instead of pursuing a fixed object, dealt his blows hap-hazard.

Ah, if he would have let me speak! Ah, if I had dared!

Monsieur Méchinét, with an impenetrable face, was seated opposite to Madame Monistrol.

"You must know, madame," he began, "that night before last, at eleven o'clock, Monsieur Pigoreau or Anténon, your husband's uncle, was murdered."

"Alas!"

"Where was Monsieur Monistrol at that hour?"

"Oh heaven! it is a fatality."

Monsieur Méchinét's face remained immovable.

"I ask you, madame," he persisted, "where your husband spent the evening of the day before yesterday?"

It was some time before the young wife replied; her sobs seemed to be choking her. At last, controlling herself, she moaned, —

"My husband spent the evening out of the house."

"Do you know where he was?"

"Oh, yes! One of our workmen, who lives at Montrouge, had promised to bring us a set of false pearls, and did not keep his word. We ran the risk of losing the order, which would have been a misfortune, for we are not rich. So at dinner my husband said to me: 'I'm going to that rascal's house.' And about nine o'clock he went out, and I accompanied him to the omnibus, which he entered before my eyes in the Rue Richelieu."

I breathed more freely. This might be an alibi after all.

Monsieur Méchinét had the same thought, and continued in a gentler tone, —

"If that is so, your workman will be able to swear he saw Monsieur Monistrol at his house at eleven o'clock."

"Alas, no!"

"How? why?"

"Because he had gone out. My husband didn't see him."

"That is certainly a fatality. But perhaps the concierge may have noticed Monsieur Monistrol."

"Our workman lives in a house where there is no concierge."

This might be the truth. It was certainly a terrible charge against the unfortunate prisoner.

"And at what time did your husband return?" continued Monsieur Méchinét.

"A little after midnight."

"You did not think he had been absent very long?"

"Oh, yes; and I even scolded him for it. He said, to excuse himself, that he had taken the longest way, strolled slowly along, and stopped at a café to drink a glass of beer."

"How did he look when he came in?"

"He seemed vexed, but that was very natural."

"What clothes did he wear?"

"Those he had on when he was arrested."

"You noticed nothing unusual about him?"

"Nothing."

X.

STANDING a little behind Monsieur Méchinét, I could watch Madame Monistrol's face at my leisure, and detect the most trifling expressions of feeling.

She seemed overwhelmed with grief, large tears rolled down her pale cheeks, and yet at times I fancied I could detect, in the depths of her large blue eyes, something like a gleam of joy.

Could she be guilty? I thought.

And this idea, which had already occurred to me, presenting itself still more obstinately to my mind, I hastily advanced and said, brusquely, —

"But you, madame, where were you during this fatal evening, while your husband was going on his useless errand to Montrouge, to find his workman?"

She looked at me with a bewildered gaze, and answered gently, —

"I was here, monsieur, there are witnesses who will prove it."

"Witnesses!"

"Yes, monsieur. It was so warm that evening that I wanted some ice-cream, but did not care to eat it alone. So I sent my servant to invite two of my neighbors, Madame Dorstrich, the wife of the shoemaker, whose shop adjoins ours, and Madame Rinaille, the glove-seller opposite.

They accepted my invitation, and stayed here until half past eleven. Ask them; they will tell you so. Amid the cruel trials to which I am subjected, this accidental circumstance is a special favor of Providence."

Was it an accidental circumstance?

This was the question Monsieur Méchiné and I asked each other, with a glance as rapid as lightning.

When chance is so very intelligent, serves a cause so aptly, it is difficult not to suspect it of having been a little arranged.

But this was not the right moment to reveal the depths of our thoughts.

"You have never been suspected, madame," said Monsieur Méchiné shamelessly.

"The worst that could be supposed, is that your husband told you something about the crime before committing it."

"Monsieur, if you knew us —"

"Stop! Your business is not very prosperous, we have been told, you are embarrassed."

"Temporarily, yes, but —"

"Your husband must have been unhappy and anxious about this precarious situation. He must have grieved especially for your sake, for you, whom he worships, you who are young and beautiful, for you far more than himself, he must have ardently desired the luxuries and pleasures wealth procures."

"Monsieur, I tell you once more, my husband is innocent."

Monsieur Méchiné, reflecting deeply, seemed to be filling his nose with snuff, then he said suddenly, —

"Deuce take it! Then how do you explain his confession? An innocent man, who declares himself guilty at the bare mention of the crime of which he is suspected, is rare, madame."

A fleeting blush crimsoned the young wife's face.

For the first time her glance, till now frank and clear, became wandering and troubled.

"I suppose," she replied in an indistinct voice, with a fresh burst of tears, "I think that my husband, terrified and bewildered at finding himself accused of so great a crime, lost his senses."

Monsieur Méchiné shook his head.

"Perhaps," said he, "a passing frenzy might be admitted, but this morning, after a long night spent in reflection, Monsieur Monistrol persisted in his confession."

Was this true? Did my worthy neigh-

bor invent it, or before calling for me, had he gone to the prefecture to get the latest intelligence?

However this might be, the young wife seemed on the point of fainting, and hiding her face between her hands, she murmured, —

"Merciful heaven! My poor husband has gone mad."

This was not my opinion.

Convinced henceforward, that I was playing a part in a farce, and the young wife's despair was only a lie, I asked myself whether, for certain reasons that escaped my detection, she had not determined the terrible resolution taken by her husband, and whether, if he were innocent, she did not know the real criminal.

After addressing a few words of commonplace consolation to the young wife, Monsieur Méchiné gave her to understand that she would dispel many prejudices by assisting with a good grace in a minute examination of her home.

She seized upon this opening with an eagerness that was evidently unfeigned.

"Look, gentlemen," said she, "examine, rummage everywhere. You will do me a service. And it won't take long. We have only the shop, the back shop, where we are now, our servant's room in the sixth story, and a little cellar. Here are the keys."

To my great astonishment, Monsieur Méchiné accepted them, and appeared to be making the most thorough and patient investigations.

What was his object? He must have some secret purpose, for the search would evidently end in nothing.

When he had apparently finished, he said, —

"The cellar is still to be examined."

"I'll take you there, monsieur," said Madame Monistrol.

And instantly, taking a lighted candle, she led us across a courtyard upon which a second door in the back shop opened, and guided us by a very slippery staircase to a door, which she unlocked for us, saying, —

"Here it is — walk in, gentlemen."

I began to understand.

My worthy neighbor had scrutinized the cellar with a rapid, practised glance. It was in wretched order. A small cask of beer stood in one corner, and directly opposite, fastened by sticks of wood, was a hogshead of wine, furnished with a wooden tap. On the right were ranged about fifty full bottles.

Monsieur Méchiné did not lose sight

of these bottles, and found an opportunity to move one after another.

What I saw, he also noticed; not one was sealed with green wax.

So the cork I had picked up, and which had served to protect the point of the murderer's weapon, did not come from the Monistrols' cellar.

"Well," said Monsieur Méchinot, feigning disappointment, "I find nothing — we can go back."

We did so, but not in the same order that we had gone down, for in returning I went first.

I therefore opened the door of the back shop, and the Monistrols' dog instantly rushed at me, barking so furiously that I started back.

"The deuce! it's your savage dog," said Monsieur Méchinot to the young wife. She had already driven it away by a wave of the hand.

"No, indeed, he isn't savage," she replied, "only a good watch-dog. We are jewellers, more exposed to thieves than other shop-keepers, so we trained him."

Mechanically, as one always does after having been threatened by a dog, I called this one by its name, which I knew.

"Pluto! Pluto!"

But instead of approaching me, the animal drew back, growling and showing its sharp teeth.

"Oh, it's useless for you to call him," said madame thoughtlessly, "he won't follow you."

"Why so?"

"Because he is faithful, like all dogs of that breed, and will obey no one but his master and myself."

This apparently unimportant remark was a flash of light to me. Without reflecting, for more hasty than I should be now, I exclaimed, —

"Then where was this faithful dog on the evening of the crime, madame?"

This point-blank question produced such an effect upon her, that she almost dropped the candlestick she still held in her hand.

"I don't know," she stammered, "I don't remember."

"Perhaps he followed your husband."

"Why, yes, now I seem to recollect."

"Then he is trained to follow carriages, for you told us you went to the omnibus with your husband."

She was silent, and I was about to continue, when Monsieur Méchinot interrupted me. Far from taking advantage of the young wife's agitation, he seemed to be trying to soothe her, and after having

urged her to obey the summons of the magistrate, drew me away.

"Have you lost your senses?" said he, when we were outside.

The reproach wounded me.

"Is it losing my senses," I retorted, "to find the solution of the problem? I have it. Monistrol's dog will guide us to the truth."

My eagerness drew a smile from my old neighbor, who answered in a fatherly tone, —

"You are right," said he, "and I understand you perfectly. Only if Madame Monistrol has guessed your suspicions, the dog will die or vanish before this evening."

XL

I HAD certainly committed a great piece of imprudence, but nevertheless I had found the weak point in the armor, the joint by which the most solid system of defence could be shattered.

I, a volunteer, had seen clearly where the old stager in the detective force was merely groping his way.

Another man would have been jealous and borne me a grudge. He was not one of that sort.

He thought only of turning my lucky discovery to account, and, as he said, it ought not to be impossible, now that the case turned upon a fixed fact.

We therefore entered a neighboring restaurant, to consult about the matter while breakfasting.

This was the state of the problem, which an hour before had seemed insoluble.

It was proved that Monistrol was innocent. Why had he declared himself guilty?

We thought we could guess, but that was not the question at present.

We were equally sure that Madame Monistrol had not stirred from her house on the evening of the murder. But everything proved that she was morally an accomplice in the crime, that she had been aware of it, even if she had not advised and planned it, and consequently was well acquainted with the assassin.

Who was this assassin?

A man whom Monistrol's dog followed as it did its owners, since he had made it follow him when he went to the Batignolles.

So it was some one who was an intimate friend of the Monistrol family.

He must hate the husband, however, since he had combined all the circum-

stances with infernal skill to throw suspicion upon the unfortunate man.

On the other hand, he must be very dear to the wife, since, knowing him, she would not give him up, unhesitatingly sacrificing her husband to him.

Then —

Oh! the conclusion was reduced to a formula. The assassin could only be a miserable hypocrite, who had abused the husband's affection and confidence, to win the love of the wife.

In short, Madame Monistrol, belying her reputation, undoubtedly had a lover, and this lover was necessarily the criminal.

Full of this certainty, I racked my brains to discover some infallible stratagem that would enable us to reach the scoundrel.

"This is the way we ought to operate, I think," I said to Monsieur Méchinot. Madame Monistrol and the murderer must have agreed that after the crime they would not see each other for some time; this is the most elementary prudence. But ere long the woman will grow impatient, and want to see her accomplice. Let us station a spy near her, who will follow her everywhere, and before twice forty-eight hours the affair will be settled."

Monsieur Méchinot paused a moment before replying, mumbling a few unintelligible words.

Then, suddenly bending towards me, he said, —

"You haven't hit it. You have the genius of the profession, that I don't deny, but you lack experience. Fortunately I have it. What! a remark about the crime puts you on the scent, and you don't follow it up."

"How so?"

"This faithful dog must be utilized."

"I don't understand."

"Then learn to wait. Madame Monistrol will go out about two o'clock, to reach the Palais de Justice at three, the little servant will be alone in the shop — you'll see, that's all I shall tell you."

And in fact my entreaties were useless, he would say nothing more, avenging himself for his defeat by this very innocent bit of malice. Willing or not, I had to accompany him to the nearest café, where he made me play dominoes.

I played badly, being absorbed in thought, and he was shamefully taking advantage of it to beat me, when the clock struck two.

"Up, to our posts!" he said, dropping the dominoes.

He paid the bill, we went out, and the

instant after were again standing like sentinels in the doorway, from which we had watched the approaches to Monistrol's shop.

We had not been there ten minutes, when Madame Monistrol appeared on the threshold, dressed in black, with a large *crêpe* veil, like a widow.

"A beautiful toilette in which to appear before the magistrate," grumbled Monsieur Méchinot.

She gave her little servant a few orders and walked rapidly away.

My companion waited patiently five minutes, and when he supposed the young wife was a long distance off, said, —

"It is time."

We entered the jewelry shop a second time.

The little servant was there alone, sitting behind the counter, nibbling a piece of candy stolen from her mistress.

As we entered, she recognized us, and started up blushing and terrified.

But Monsieur Méchinot, without giving her time to open her lips, asked, —

"Where is Madame Monistrol?"

"She has gone out, sir."

"You are deceiving me. She's in the back shop."

"I assure you she isn't, gentlemen. Look for yourselves."

Monsieur Méchinot, with an air of the greatest annoyance, struck his forehead exclaiming, —

"How unfortunate it is, how sorry that poor Madame Monistrol will be!"

And as the little servant stared at him with open mouth and eyes dilated with astonishment, he continued, —

"But perhaps you can take your mistress's place, my pretty girl. I came back because I have lost the address of the gentleman she asked me to visit."

"What gentleman?"

"You know very well, Monsieur — there now, I've forgotten his name! Monsieur — zounds, you know him! The gentleman your confounded dog obeys so well."

"Oh! Monsieur Victor."

"Yes, that's it. What does the gentleman do?"

"He's a journeyman jeweller, — a great friend of my master. They worked together when Monsieur Monistrol was a journeyman jeweller, and that's why he can do anything he likes with Pluto."

"Then you can tell me where Monsieur Victor lives."

"Certainly. He lives in the Rue du Roi-Doré, No. 23."

The poor girl seemed delighted to be so well informed, and I could not help feeling sorry to hear her so unsuspiciously denounce her mistress.

Monsieur Méchinot, who was more hardened, had no such scruples, and even closed the scene with a sorry jest.

Just as I opened the door for us to retire,—

"Thank you," he said to the young girl, "thank you. You have just done Madame Monistrol a great service, and she will be delighted."

XII.

As soon as we were on the sidewalk, I had but one idea.

To rush to the Rue du Roi-Doré and arrest this Victor, the real criminal, was evidently the first thing to be done.

A few words from Monsieur Méchinot fell upon my enthusiasm like a shower bath.

"And the law," said he. "Without a warrant from the examining magistrate, I can do nothing. We must go to the Palais de Justice."

"But we shall meet Madame Monistrol, and if she sees us, she will warn her accomplice."

"Be it so," replied Monsieur Méchinot with ill-disguised bitterness, "be it so. The criminal will escape, and the forms of the law will be satisfied. But I can avert this danger. Walk on, walk faster."

And in fact the hope of success gave him the speed of a deer. On reaching the Palais de Justice, he went up the steep staircase leading to the magistrates' rooms four steps at a time, and speaking to the head sheriff, asked if the magistrate who had charge of the case of *the little old man of the Batignolles* was in his office.

"Yes," replied the officer, "with a witness, a young lady dressed in black."

"That's undoubtedly she," said my companion.

Then, turning to the officer, he continued,—

"You know me. Give me some materials to write a few words for you to take to the magistrate."

The officer went away with the note, and soon returned to tell us that the magistrate would see us in No. 9.

To receive Monsieur Méchinot, he had borrowed the office of one of his colleagues, leaving Madame Monistrol in his own room under the care of his clerk.

"What is it?" he asked, in a tone that enabled me to measure the gulf that sep-

arated a magistrate from a poor detective.

Monsieur Méchinot briefly and clearly related the steps we had taken, their results, and our hopes.

Need I say that the magistrate did not appear to share our belief?

"But since Monistrol confesses," he repeated with an obstinacy that exasperated me.

However, after numerous explanations, he said,—

"I will sign a warrant."

Once in possession of this indispensable document, Monsieur Méchinot went away so fast that I nearly fell as I rushed down the staircase after him. A *fiacre* horse couldn't have kept up with us. I doubt if we were fifteen minutes in going to the Rue Roi-Doré.

But when we were once there, "Be careful," said Monsieur Méchinot. And with the calmest air in the world, he entered the narrow hall of the house bearing the number 23.

"Monsieur Victor?" he said to the concierge.

"Fourth floor, right hand door."

"Is he at home?"

"Yes."

Monsieur Méchinot took a step towards the staircase, then seeming to change his mind, turned again to the concierge, saying,—

"I must treat this worthy Victor to a bottle of good wine. Do you know to what shop he goes?"

"The one opposite."

We rushed across the street, and Monsieur Méchinot, with the air of a customer, ordered,—

"One bottle, if you please, of the best; the green seal."

Upon my honor, that idea had never occurred to me during all this time! And yet it was very simple.

The bottle having been brought, my companion produced the cork found on Monsieur Pigoreau's floor, and it was easy for us to prove the identity of the wax.

Positive certainty was now added to moral conviction, and Monsieur Méchinot knocked at Victor's door with a firm hand.

"Come in," called a pleasant voice.

The key was in the door, we entered, and in a very neat room I saw a man about thirty years old, with a slight figure, pale complexion, and fair hair, who was working at a bench.

Our presence did not seem to disturb him.

Monsieur Méchinot advanced, and, seizing him by the arm, said, —

"I arrest you in the name of the law!"

The man turned livid, but did not cast down his eyes.

"Are you playing a trick on me?" he said insolently. "What have I done?"

Monsieur Méchinot shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't act like a child," said he, "your account is settled. You were seen to leave Père Anténor's rooms, and I have in my pocket the cork you used to prevent the point of your dagger from breaking."

This was like a blow on the rascal's neck. He sank into his chair, stammering, —

"I am innocent."

"Tell that to the magistrate," said Monsieur Méchinot coolly, "but I'm afraid he won't believe you. Your accomplice, Monistrol's wife, has confessed all."

Victor started up as if he had been moved by a spring.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "She knew nothing —"

"Then you did it alone? Very well. That's so much confessed."

Then addressing himself to me, like a man sure of his facts, he continued, —

"Search the drawers, my dear Monsieur Godeuil, you'll probably find this fine fellow's dagger, and undoubtedly his *Dulcinea's* love-letters."

The murderer's eyes gleamed with rage, and he ground his teeth, but Monsieur Méchinot's broad shoulders and iron grasp extinguished all desire to resist.

I found in a bureau drawer everything my companion had told me to expect.

Twenty minutes after, Victor, "neatly packed," that is the expression, in a *fiacre*, between my companion and myself, was rolling towards the prefecture of police.

"What," said I to myself, bewildered by the simplicity of the scene, "is the arrest of an assassin, a man doomed to the scaffold, so easy as this?"

I was to learn afterwards, to my cost, that there were more terrible criminals.

Victor, when he found himself in a cell, believing that he was lost, broke down and related all the particulars of his crime.

He had known Père Pigoreau a long

time, he said. His principal object in murdering him, was to bring the punishment for the crime upon Monistrol. That was why he had dressed like him and been followed by Pluto. When the old man was once assassinated, he had had the horrible courage to dip the finger of the corpse in the blood to trace the five letters, *Monis*, which had nearly destroyed an innocent man.

"It was cleverly arranged," he said with cynical boasting. "If I had succeeded, I should have killed two birds with one stone, got rid of my friend Monistrol, whom I hate, and of whom I am jealous, and enriched the woman I love."

It was simple and terrible, certainly.

"Unfortunately, my lad," observed Monsieur Méchinot, "you lost your wits at the last moment. People are never thorough. It was the left hand of the body that you dipped in the blood."

Victor started up.

"What!" he cried, "is that what betrayed me?"

"Precisely."

The scoundrel raised his arms to heaven, with the gesture of an unappreciated genius.

"That comes of being a real artist!" he cried.

Then, eyeing us from head to foot with a pitying air, he added, —

"Père Pigoreau was left-handed!"

The criminal's prompt detection was owing to an error in the examination.

This lesson was not lost upon me. I fortunately remembered it in other very dramatic circumstances, which I shall relate at some future time.

Monistrol was set at liberty the next day.

When the magistrate reproached him for the false confession that had exposed justice to a terrible error, he could get no answer except, —

"I love my wife, I wanted to sacrifice myself for her, I believed her guilty."

Was she guilty? I would swear it.

She was arrested, but acquitted by the same court that sentenced Victor to the galleys for life.

Monsieur and Madame Monistrol now keep a wine-shop of by no means good repute at Vincennes. Their uncle's fortune is squandered, and they are in abject poverty.

J. B. CASIMIR GODEUIL.

From The Contemporary Review.
MORALITY IN POLITICS.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

IN private life it is an accepted doctrine that "honesty is the best policy." Men do really believe it, and for the most part act upon it. There are a great many things which we never think of doing, however immediately expedient they may seem to be, because of the unquestionable immorality which attaches to the doing of them. For example, if over a family of children, or over any society or company of men, there were placed a guardian or a governor or a trustee who was friendly to ourselves, and who might in many ways be acting in our interest, but who on the other hand was exercising an immoral, or cruel, or debasing influence over those under him, we should consider it, in private life, a flagitious act to do our best to keep him in authority, or to shield him against the punishment he deserved.

Recent discussions on the Eastern question prove that no similar doctrine is accepted or believed as regards our national dealings with other people. On the contrary, it is the accepted doctrine with many men of the highest private character, that such doctrines are not applicable to the policy of nations; that they are mere "sentimentality" unworthy of statesmen; and that provided it is for our own immediate interest to do so, we may act towards the people of another nation in a spirit and for purposes which would be universally recognized as shameful in the transactions of private life.

This is the result of "politics." I do not mean party politics, or the mere effect of allegiance to party leaders, or of discipline in a party organization. It is only an accident that this result has lately been seen specially associated with what is called Conservatism or Toryism. It is true indeed that there is a natural tendency among Liberals to sympathize more or less actively with insurrections in support of popular liberties; and there is a corresponding tendency among Conservatives to sympathize with governments against insurgents, however bad those governments may be. And so far as these two natural tendencies go, they have had their effect on the attitude of the two parties in the Eastern question. The fact, too, that at the present moment a Conservative government happens to be in office, and that it is their policy which is accused of immorality, determines the attitude of all zealous partisans in favor of the policy in

question. But beyond this there is no natural connection between Conservatism and a low morality in politics. On the contrary I should be disposed to say that the natural connection is the other way. The utilitarian theory of morals is generally regarded with antipathy by Tories, and has in point of fact been specially associated with the prophets and apostles of radicalism. Yet in the Eastern question we have had this theory applied in the coarsest form by Tory secretaries of state — members and representatives of the old English universities where the doctrines of an independent morality have hitherto found an illustrious home. Indeed I am wronging the utilitarian theory of morals, as it has latterly been purged and corrected by its most distinguished teachers, when I connect it with the flagrant caricatures presented in the late speeches and writings of Conservatives both in and out of office, in relation to our policy on the Eastern question. The doctrines thus proclaimed are doctrines which Jeremy Bentham would have considered coarse, and which the higher instincts of John Stuart Mill would have repudiated with indignation and disgust.

Seeing, then, that these doctrines have only an accidental and temporary connection with the Conservative party, and are widely sympathized in beyond its ranks, the popularity of these doctrines with large classes of men who are themselves as good and virtuous as their opponents, is clearly due to the unquestionable fact that the ordinary principles and maxims of morality are not generally admitted to be applicable to such questions of policy as have been raised by the Eastern question.

I propose in this paper to examine very shortly what those principles and maxims are, as applicable to the case, and to indicate what appears to have been the natural result of our failure to recognize and to act upon them.

There is at least one doctrine of international morality which really is accepted, and universally acknowledged to be binding — and that is the obligation of abiding by the faith of treaties. Indeed it is under the cover of this plea that politicians have retreated, when the real objects they had in view, and the real motives by which they were actuated, were very different. Thus it has been said over and over again, that we are bound by treaty not to interfere in the internal affairs of the government of Turkey. But the fact is that there is no such obligation laid upon us by any treaty. What is referred to when

this allegation is made, is the ninth article of the General Treaty of Peace of 1856. This article has been constantly referred to as constituting an engagement on the part of the European powers that they are not "either collectively or separately to mix themselves up in the relations of the sultan with his subjects, nor in the interior administration of his empire." But this ninth article contains no such engagement. All that it says is this — that the "communication" to the powers in the form of an article by the Porte of its promised reforms on behalf of its Christian subjects, is not to be held as giving the right to other powers to interfere, etc. But nobody asserts that the right of these powers to interfere in the internal affairs of Turkey rests on this "communication" by the Porte. It rests on facts of a very different order, and on considerations of a very different kind. Of all or of any of these the treaty says nothing. If the powers had intended to repudiate and renounce forever any right, in any contingency or in any circumstances, to interfere in the internal affairs of Turkey, it would have been very easy to frame an article to this effect. The article which was actually framed, and was actually signed, is nothing more than this — that the Porte, in promising before the others powers of Europe to reform its administration as regards the interests of its Christian subjects, was not to be held as thereby acknowledging a right of interference which must in its very nature be exceptionable, and can never be expressly admitted by any State pretending to be independent. Nothing could be more just or reasonable than this declaration against any attempt to entrap Turkey into an admission of its own subjection, by taking advantage of the promises it consented to embody in the treaty; and it was in entire consistence with the sincere desire of the European powers to give Turkey another chance of establishing itself in Europe as capable of civilization, and of ceasing to be a standing danger to the peace of the world.

It is vain, therefore, to found upon this treaty any plea that the accepted doctrines of international morality in respect to treaty obligations, demand on our part abstention from any interference with the internal affairs of Turkey. If we do interfere, we are bound not to found or defend our action on any allegation that Turkey has admitted our right to do so. She has not admitted it, and we must not pretend that she has. This is all. Whatever

moral elements, then, there may be affecting the question of interfering or not interfering in the internal affairs of Turkey, they have nothing to do with any treaty obligation, neither have they anything to do with any abstract principle which can be alleged respecting the general legitimacy or illegitimacy of foreign interventions in the domestic concerns of other States. The general rule, indeed, must, of course, be the rule of non-intervention. Any other would be simply impossible, and, if it were possible, would be the fountain of perpetual wars. Obvious utility in this kind and degree, although it can never be the ultimate basis of morality, does unquestionably determine the particular course of conduct which is prescribed by duty. The presumption must, therefore, in all cases be in favor of non-intervention. Special circumstances and special considerations of very many and of very various kinds can alone determine the cases in which we may be called upon to depart from this rule. But, on the other hand, there may be some circumstances, and certain combinations of circumstance, which may make the departure from the rule a matter of the most solemn and immediate obligation.

It follows from this that no presumption can be raised against interference in one case, because no such interference has been practised in another. Hence the fallacy of the arguments raised on the passive attitude which Europe has maintained in respect to the real or alleged outrages which have been perpetrated by the Russian government against the Poles, or against certain Polish sects. Nobody alleges that it is a regular or standing duty of governments to watch and check each other in their treatment of their own people. Measured by the standard of the Western nations, the Russian is still a semi-barbarous and an oppressed government. It has, moreover, some peculiar features which must necessitate a policy inconsistent with what we understand by religious toleration. The intimate association of temporal and spiritual power, which makes the czar almost a pope, together with the deadly antagonism which the Eastern Church, especially the Russian branch of it, entertains towards the aggressive and arrogant pretensions of Rome, are enough to account for the violent and oppressive proceedings which the Russian autocracy is reported to have taken lately against a Romanizing sect. These proceedings are probably only too much in accordance with the spirit of the

great body of the Russian people, and of the politico-ecclesiastical system under which they live. But the Western nations have no share of responsibility, however remote, in that system, or in its results. If, indeed, the persecuted sects in Russia were driven into rebellion, and if we were to use our influence in any way, directly or indirectly, to thwart or frustrate their efforts for freedom, then, unquestionably, a large share of the responsibility would be ours, and we should be guilty of an unjust and immoral act.

And this is the immorality of which, to some extent, we have been guilty in the case of Turkey, and of which we should have been still more deeply guilty if the government had really adopted to its full extent the policy which their language too often indicated, and which, with unblushing front, was urged upon them by a large party in the press and in the country. Moreover, the immorality involved in supporting the Turkish government against its subjects is far greater than the immorality which would be involved in any other case of rendering help to an oppressive government. And this, because we have a very large share of responsibility in the very existence of that government. For very many years the Turkish government has lived, and lived only, upon the mutual jealousies of the Christian nations. The doctrine has grown up that the Turks are a garrison occupying a certain country in the interests and in the defence of a particular distribution of political power which it is desirable to maintain. I do not say that there is any immorality in this doctrine considered in itself. To defend weak states against the aggressive ambition of stronger powers is in itself a legitimate policy, and may often be prescribed by the highest considerations of duty. Nor is there necessarily any element of immorality in the policy which is friendly to the maintenance of a "balance of power" in Europe. It may be right and necessary in a thousand cases to resist overgrown monarchies or overgrown republics.

These were the main elements which determined our conduct in the Crimean War — conduct which recommended itself all the more easily to the national conscience from the fact that in the particular circumstances out of which the quarrel then arose between Turkey and Russia, Turkey was unquestionably in the right, and Russia was unquestionably in the wrong, pursuing an exclusive policy by an odious combination of violence and of fraud. But the part which the Western powers took

in that quarrel, and the effective aid which they gave to Turkey, above all, the agreement which they came to among themselves that they would admit Turkey to a new position in the family of European nations, and support her in that position by special guarantees, — these circumstances did of necessity involve them in responsibilities altogether new towards the population subject to the government of the Porte. That government became, to a large extent, their child and creature. Its promises of amendment and reform were uttered in their ear; and, although they entrusted the fulfilment of those promises entirely to itself, they neither did nor could repudiate the burden which must fall upon them in the event of that trust being falsified and betrayed.

The simple fact is that our intervention in the foreign relations of Turkey, with a view to her protection from external enemies, is necessarily in itself the most violent of all possible forms of interference in her internal affairs. This would not be true of similar action on behalf of any other government in Europe. But it is strictly true of such action on behalf of the Turks, because of the peculiar fact that the government of the Turks is the government of a small minority "alien in blood, in language, and religion" from those over whom they rule. The external enemies of Turkey are, on the contrary, more or less the kindred in blood, in language, and in religion, with the subject population. If the mutual jealousies of the surrounding governments lead them to maintain this minority in power, they must necessarily run the risk of aggravating its tyranny and oppression in proportion as they relieve it from the fear of insurrections aided by the sympathies of surrounding populations. This is the natural check on bad governments. It is a check from which even the best government, founded on conquest, could not be safely exempted, and without which the peculiar vices of the Turks must necessarily tend to reach a rank and a terrible luxuriance.

And such, accordingly, we know by overwhelming evidence to have been the actual result. Twenty years of peace and of protection from external violence have seen no reform, but only a descent from one low level to another depth still lower of personal corruption, and of corresponding administrative oppression. There has been the confessed violation of every promise solemnly given in the face of Europe, that the Christian subjects of the Porte should

be admitted to some of the commonest rights of humanity, and this violation has gone on in the face of remonstrances, of exhortation, and of warnings perpetually renewed by one or other, or by all of the guaranteeing and protecting powers.

Can any man doubt what is the course which under such circumstances would be demanded of us by the most imperative considerations of personal honor, if the ordinary principles of morality were acknowledged as they ought to be in politics? We are bound either to withdraw from that oppressive intervention in the domestic affairs of Turkey which saves its government from the natural consequences of its vices and its crimes, or else we are bound to complete that intervention in a manner which shall give to its people so much at least of political liberty as will secure their life, their property, and their honor.

Yet, strange as it seems to many of us now, and stranger as it will seem to a still greater number in future times, there has been a great party in this country, embracing probably a majority of the classes which specially claim to be political, who have failed to recognize this obvious demand of honor. They have proclaimed that our assumed national interest in the existing distribution of power among the states of Europe, is the first consideration to be kept in view in determining the policy to be pursued; that the protection of the Christian population of Turkey from oppression, though a desirable object in itself, is of quite secondary importance; and that it ought not to induce us either to withdraw our protection from the Turkish government, or even to run the risk of weakening it by the employment of external pressure to impose reforms.

This deliberate sacrifice of the clear demands of honor and of justice towards some twelve or fifteen millions of people, for the sake of the assumed immediate convenience of a political interest, is a flagrant example of the low standard of morality which prevails in politics. The men who are guilty of it are, for the most part, either wholly unconscious of doing any wrong, or have only that half consciousness of it which is easily satisfied by verbal reprobation of the Turks, and by eager protestations that it is not for the sake of the Turks but solely for the sake of British interests that they would support a government which they acknowledge to be "unspeakably" bad. The doctrine so familiar in private life, that what is certainly unjust cannot possibly turn out to

be even expedient, never seems to occur to politicians under the influence of traditional views of policy, with which considerations of morality are not suffered to interfere, and to which its maxims are openly declared to be inapplicable. This condition of things, and this temper of mind, have been expressed in words so manfully open and honest by Sir H. Elliot in his famous despatch of September 4th, 1876, that I reproduce those words here as the best illustration of what I mean. And, in doing so, I must protest against being supposed to imply any blame to our late ambassador at Constantinople. His words do not go one iota beyond the feeling and the temper of thousands of politicians in this country who personally are as humane, amiable, and honorable as their opponents in all those concerns of life into which the moral code has been allowed to enter. Here is that temper and that feeling expressed without circumlocution, and without exaggeration:—

To the accusation of being a blind partisan of the Turks, I will only answer that my conduct here has never been guided by any sentimental affection for them, but by a firm determination to uphold the interests of Great Britain to the utmost of my power; and that those interests are deeply engaged in preventing the disruption of the Turkish empire is a conviction which I share in common with the most eminent statesmen who have directed our foreign policy, but which appears now to be abandoned by shallow politicians or persons who have allowed their feelings of revolted humanity to make them forget the capital interests involved in the question.

We may and must feel indignant at the needless and monstrous severity with which the Bulgarian insurrection was put down, but the necessity which exists for England to prevent changes from occurring here which would be most detrimental to ourselves, is not affected by the question whether it was ten or twenty thousand persons who perished in the suppression.

We have been upholding what we know to be a semi-civilized nation, liable under certain circumstances to be carried into fearful excesses; but the fact of this having just now been strikingly brought home to us all cannot be a sufficient reason for abandoning a policy which is the only one that can be followed with a due regard to our own interests.

It would be most unjust to strain the incautious wording of the paragraph in this despatch which refers to the massacres. I do not read these words as meaning that the extent of those massacres is to be regarded as in itself a matter of indifference. All that was intended is, that as compared with the political interests at

stake in our support of the Turks, the sufferings they may inflict on the subject population are a matter of comparative unimportance. This is the "sentiment" common in "society." I venture to think it is essentially an immoral sentiment, and that under every disguise it ought to be denounced as such. When stated so nakedly as it is stated here, and when specially connected with the slaughter of even a small number of unarmed men and of defenceless women and children, it shocks the public conscience, because this is a kind of horror which takes hold of the popular mind, and which is not mitigated by the illusions either of military glory, or of political necessity. But the immorality of the sentiment would have been quite as great if there had been no massacres, — assuming, of course, that the ordinary and permanent administrative system of the Turks is what we well know it to be.

No doubt there are a great number of persons who are really ignorant of the abominable character of the Turkish government; and there are a still greater number who refuse to inquire too closely, and who administer a salve to their conscience by dwelling upon certain aspects of that government in which it may, by a little suppression of facts, be represented as having certain positive merits. For example, they dwell on the unquestionable fact that it has been friendly to the Jews, and that it tolerates equally every Church or sect of Christianity. But this equal toleration is nothing but equal and indiscriminate contempt, coupled with the very natural feeling entertained by Turks that the more Christians quarrel and are divided among themselves, the better for the Moslem. Certain missionaries, indeed, highly value this indifference, because it gives them more free scope for operations having for their aim to proselytize among the Eastern Churches in favor of a reformed theology. And it is indeed perfectly possible and even probable that any one of the Christian governments which might be substituted for that of Turkey would not be equally indifferent to operations of this kind. But nobody who chooses to look at facts as they are, could be deceived for a moment by this partial and temporary convenience, one which arises out of the very condition of Moslem tyranny over the whole non-Moslem population. Men who dwell upon this convenience or advantage, such as it is, choose to forget that the whole Christian population equally are subjected by the Turks to this most odious and cruel of all forms of

persecution, — that their evidence is not allowed to be received in any cause in which they are adversely related to a Moslem. Considering that all the officials, both executive and judicial, are notoriously corrupt, and that the very police of the country is left to pay itself out of arbitrary exactions from the people — considering farther that the law and custom of the country sanctions the rape of Christian women if by force or fraud they can be converted into Moslems* — this one disability in respect to the reception of Christian evidence before the courts, constitutes in itself, and in its innumerable consequences, a systematic persecution of the most abominable kind. Men who, in the face of the knowledge of such facts as these, can speak of the toleration of the Turks, must be hard pressed indeed for some excuses to their own conscience in the selfish policy they recommend.

Another favorite excuse is the pretence that it is not possible to find any substitute for the Turks. No substitute for a people which has desolated every province subject to its rule, which is bankrupt in purse and in character, and whose systematic principles of government are founded on an insolent and barbarous fanaticism! Here again we have proof of the facility with which men will pass off upon themselves, as well as upon others, any argument, however rotten, which can administer some anodyne to an uneasy conscience. In comparatively recent times several large fragments of Turkey have been detached from this precious, this indispensable government for which no substitute can be found; and although the administration of these detached provinces may leave something to be desired, it is certain that they are more than tolerable — that they are fairly good. Moreover, it is known that as compared with the provinces still enslaved under Turkey, these revolted and independent States are as the promised land, to which all eyes are turned by the Christian subjects of the Porte. The simple truth is that any change must be for the better in Turkey; and those only who, being thoroughly comfortable themselves, choose not to think of or to realize the daily life and sufferings of others, can talk with doubt as to the possibility of devising for the Christian popu-

* See despatch from Mr. Baring, Nov. 24, 1876, from Philipopolis: "I suggested that the act of carrying off the girls (from Batak) was in itself an illegal one, but I was told that by Turkish law a man could not be punished for carrying off a woman, provided he married her."

lation of Turkey some more tolerable rule.

Another excuse, stamped with the same character, is the pretence that foreign interference is more likely to do harm than good. This pretence is put forward in the face of that recent experience of an European intervention in Syria, which was called for by similar outrages on the part of Turkish officials, and which has been followed by a complete success. The simple remedy which has been found efficacious in that case is one which at first was capable of extensive application — the remedy, namely, of insisting that the administration of provinces shall be placed in the hands of men in whom the protecting powers could have confidence. Even if it were true that these or other provinces of Turkey are as yet absolutely incapable of self-government in a popular form — even if centralized and more or less despotic powers must still be placed in the hands of governors — there was no difficulty whatever in taking measures to secure that these governors should not be, as the vast majority of Turkish pashas are, corrupt, cruel, and fanatic.

But then comes another excuse: it is said that to choose governors for Turkish provinces would have been incompatible with the "independence" of the Porte. Yet many of those who use this argument are perfectly aware that all our representatives in Turkey — from the ambassador down to the pettiest vice-consul — are, and have long been, in the constant habit of treating the Porte, both by word and deed, in a spirit of supreme contempt. It is addressed by these officials on all possible occasions in language wholly inconsistent with the very idea of Turkey being a government on a level with the Christian governments of Europe. We interfere systematically with the administration of the law on the ground openly declared that the courts are corrupt, and that the Christian subjects of the Porte must depend for any hope of justice upon the close and vigilant watchfulness of British agents. It is only when the same principle is asserted by some other European power of which we are jealous or afraid, that we fall back upon this imposture of what politicians are pleased to call Turkish independence.

But there is another excuse which itself appeals to what professes to be a moral sentiment — the sentiment, namely, which aims at the maintenance of "peace." When this sentiment is appealed to by

members of the Society of Friends, I may fail to understand, indeed, the applicability of such principles to the existing conditions of human society, but I am sure of the good faith of those who express the religious convictions of a body which is eminently sincere. No branch of the Christian Church has been more conspicuous in their application to the concerns of life, both public and private, of those maxims of morality which they have themselves drawn from the religion they profess. But I have a very different feeling when "peace" is spoken of as the supreme good by politicians who would not hesitate for a moment in waging the most bloody war in defence of some bales of cotton or a few chests of opium. Neither can I profess any sympathy with, or even understanding of, the sentiments of those who talk as if war, or measures involving the risks of war, are illegitimate in the interests of populations which, by our own connivance with, and actual support of the oppressors, are suffering under a tyranny which is perpetually shocking the conscience and disturbing the peace of the civilized world. If the great majority of those who hold this language would but examine carefully their own hearts and consciences, they would find, I am persuaded, that they are paltering with themselves. It is not war or the risks of war that they really object to. It is war, or the risks of war, which may possibly shake a government which, although odious, immoral, and tyrannical, they have come to be persuaded is convenient to "British interests." I know indeed that there are some men of the highest character, and of the purest motives, who, rejoicing in the liberties they themselves enjoy, nevertheless look back, or pretend to look back, with theoretical condemnation and regret upon all the action of a former generation by which those liberties were acquired. I often wish that some of these excellent men could be carried back to the times of tyranny, and could be exposed to the alternative of submission or of fight. But indeed no tyranny from which we have been delivered by those who established the liberties of England — no tyranny of the worst days of the Tudors or the Stuarts — is to be compared for a moment with the tyranny under which the Christians of Turkey suffer. What is really desirable is that some of our "British-interests" politicians should be exposed for a time to the Turkish tax-gatherer, and to the domiciliary visits of the minions of Turkish pashas. It would do them a

great deal of good. The doctrines of passive obedience are all very well when they cost us nothing. There may be a few Tories who would stand even such a test. The great majority would probably break down under it. But this cry for "peace at any price," when that price is to be paid, not by ourselves but by others, does not deserve the respect which may be due to the purely theoretical High Toryism which would support every existing government, however bad. The cry for "peace at any price" in the affairs of Turkey, is generally the expression of a feeling purely selfish—a feeling which sees in any disturbance the risk of danger to a condition of things which we admit to be disastrous to some millions of men, but which is assumed to be convenient to ourselves.

In one of the amusing letters in which Mr. Canning used to describe his diplomatic controversies with ambassadors representing the Holy Alliance, we have an account of the way in which he met this kind of desire for peace when it was pleaded by the Austrian minister in favor of a policy hostile to the Greek insurrection:—

CANNING TO LORD GRANVILLE, April 12, 1825.

"We must stop this horrible war," says Esterhazy to me one day.

Canning: Must! Why so? I do not mean that I should not be glad to put an end to it, or to any other war in Europe, because wars have a tendency to propagate themselves; and I think peace necessary to all nations; but I have never understood why *this particular war*, of all others, is selected as the one that must be put an end to at whatever cost. I am quite of another opinion; and think the cost may be much greater than the mischief.

Esterhazy: Oh! very well for you, at a distance—but to us—with successful insurrection before our eyes, and on our frontiers!

Canning: Oh, oh,—you admit then, that there are interests which justify nations in taking their own measures with regard to countries in a state of civil war.

Esterhazy: Yes: but not in favor of insurgents against the parent state.

Canning: Nay then—what is the meaning of the proposed intervention? Is it to put down the Greeks?

Esterhazy: No, not *precisely* that. No, certainly not *that*: it is to discountenance the Greeks, perhaps so far as to let them see that they cannot attain their object, but to exhort the Turks to be reasonable.

History repeats itself. But it is not pleasant to hear the insincere expressions resorted to by Austrian ministers in 1827,

repeated *usque ad nauseam* by English politicians, and this too in connection of the same immoral purpose—that of discouraging or suppressing the efforts of an insurgent people to shake off an incorrigible tyranny.

But all this arises from the fact that men do not generally admit the code of individual morality to be applicable to nations. Of course it is true that there are regions of action in which the rights, duties, and obligations of governments are not identical with those of individual men. But it is not true that the rulers of nations are absolved, in their action towards the people of other nations, from the same general principles of morality which are binding on individuals. In certain matters, and within certain limits, indeed this is acknowledged. But the acknowledgment must be carried a great deal farther. And to effect this great work in politics is the province of "sentiment." This is the faculty in whose gift it is to apprehend some of the highest forms of political truth. Like every other faculty it must work in harmony with the judgment and the reason. But there are some primary matters in which reason must accept the judgment of the heart, and calculate upon the data which it supplies. Men who systematically, and upon principle, shut out "sentiment" from the field of national action, are quite sure to turn out no better than blind leaders of the blind in respect to policy.

That the policy of the British government during the last eighteen months has been deeply influenced by those motives which in this paper I have described as immoral, there can be no doubt. It may not be true that they ever contemplated warlike measures in support of Turkey. But I have no doubt whatever that the condition of public "sentiment," aroused by the massacres of May, helped most materially in preventing them from getting involved in this wickedness. The policy of selfishness was actually pursued quite far enough to bring about its own punishment through the operation of those trains of natural consequence to which nature commits the vindication of all her moral as well as all her physical laws. Never were "British interests," in so far as they are involved at all, placed in a worse position. The only possible way of serving those interests lay in the plain course which honor and morality demanded, namely, that of combining with the other European powers, and if necessary with Russia alone, in compelling Turkey to adopt at

least those easy administrative reforms which were forced upon her in the case of Syria. These would indeed have been only a beginning: but if it was possible or desirable at all to keep up the phantom of Turkish integrity and independence, this was the only possible way of doing it. Instead of this, our Foreign Office was intent, from the first, on nothing but hushing up the Eastern question altogether, on getting the insurrection if possible quietly suppressed, and on forcing the population once more to feed for another indefinite number of weary years, on Turkish promises and on hope deferred. The result has been that the whole matter has for the time been placed in the hands of that very power of which these same politicians were most jealous, and whose designs, whatever they may be, are now being pursued under conditions of advantage which have arisen almost entirely from our own misconduct.

I cannot pretend, however, to regard this result as an unmitigated misfortune. There are evils in this world from which there never yet has been any other means of release than war. There are knots which cannot be untied. The baneful influence of slavery extending as a permanent institution among our children and descendants in America, and becoming there the corrupting centre of all political conduct, was one of those evils. The great mass of the people of this country, unlike the great majority of its professional politicians, did, under the influence of sentiment, see and feel this truth as determining their attitude in the great civil war between the Slave and the Free States. They did so under many distracting influences arising out of the accidents of the contest, under many excuses for taking an opposite view, and under many temptations to think and feel that their own "British interests" would be promoted by recognizing a new commonwealth founded upon slavery. But they resisted all temptation, because through the influence of the heart they apprehended truth. Dreadful as the civil war in America was, there was, humanly speaking, no other remedy for the disease. The same may be said of the Turkish tyranny in Europe. In the history of the world, nothing but war has ever done that which has to be done in Turkey. I venture to disagree with those who talk loosely about Christianity condemning war. No doubt, if all men and all nations were to act up to the whole spirit of the Christian faith, wars would cease, and swords would be everywhere

replaced by the ploughshare and the pruning-hook. But in the existing condition of the world, war is a necessary evil, and by very much indeed less of an evil than the prolonged existence of debasing and corrupting governments. It may even be true that no war is legitimate except defensive war; but it is certainly not true that self and selfish interests are the only things which it is legitimate to defend. There is nothing in the precepts of Christianity which condemns the soldier any more than the policeman. These precepts sow the seed from which will come up and grow, in some later time, those purer manners and holier laws which may dispense with both. But until that time comes they leave the sword in our hands — to be wielded by reason, and by conscience, in a world full of the abodes of cruelty. This has been the language in all ages of the Christian Church. I do not see that the progress of knowledge gives any gleam of hope that this language was mistaken.

It is now the solemn duty of the British nation, as a great war has arisen mainly out of their inaction, to see that through mistaken ideas of self-interest their government does not interfere to prevent the population of Turkey from deriving whatever benefit may arise to them from it. This is the minimum of duty. I should say more. It is our duty to do our best to make those benefits as large and as secure as possible. For this purpose, and for the attainment of this end, our position is not what it was, and very much less good than it might have been. But it is a position which still involves great power and great responsibilities. Fortunately, as regards the political classes of this country, the most obvious considerations of expediency are becoming more and more evidently coincident with the lines of duty. It needs this coincidence to lead men to see the truth. It is this coincidence in the case of Russia which has determined her conduct, and has led to that series of despatches on the Eastern question during the last year, which are remarkable alike for frankness, dignity, and moderation. But all men must now see that our own interests and those of Europe lie in the same direction. It is clearer and clearer every day that there cannot possibly be any peace in the east of Europe till freedom has been secured to the Christian population. It is equally certain that though they might be relieved from many pressing and intolerable evils, they would not have the kind or the degree of liberty they ought to have, by being transferred

to the dominion of Russia. She is a civilizing power in central Asia, but, except as compared with the Turk, she cannot be so regarded in Europe. She will and she must derive many advantages from the part which she has singly taken in a course which ought to have been rendered needless by the co-operation of all. But these advantages, too, or some of them, may be necessary conditions of anything like a permanent settlement of the Eastern question. There are some significant expressions to this effect at the close of the paper contributed by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe to the recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*. It is too soon to forecast all that may be required for such a settlement. But when the time comes it ought to be remembered that no arrangement can be final, no arrangement can be even lasting for such ordinary length of time as human policy can hold within its grasp, which places any great, or even any considerable people under restrictions incompatible with the natural and peaceful development of their industry and wealth, or incompatible with the due influence which may belong to these in the general politics of Europe.

It is enough here to say that the existing arrangements in regard to the access of European powers to the Bosphorus and Dardanelles are arrangements which originated solely in Turkish policy, and which were taken up and adopted by other powers only in the interests of the "independence" of Turkey. When that independence shall become a memory of the past, as it has long been a fiction of the present, it will become manifest that those arrangements are by no means such as would be recommended by general convenience or by "British interests."

As regards the possible or probable results of this present war, I venture to think that we have no interests which are not identical with the interests of the Christian population of Turkey. I deeply regret that they should have been taught again that in Russian armies lies their only hope of deliverance. But they cannot and do not wish to remain under Russian dominion. Europe has a right to forbid this result. But we have no interest in keeping even Constantinople in its "present hands." Those hands are notoriously corrupt as well as weak. What the Duke of Wellington regarded with hope in 1829 we can afford to regard at least with equanimity in 1877. These are his words, and with these I conclude: "There is no doubt it would have been

more fortunate and better for the world if the Treaty of Adrianople had not been signed, and if the Russians had entered Constantinople, and if the Turkish Empire had been dissolved."

PAULINE.

WALES.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE LLUGWY.

Dost thou not know I am a wayward man,
Sullen by fits? — ETHWALD.

SHE knew him in a moment.

He was altered. He was stouter, redder, than he had been. There was a dash of grey on each temple. There was a something — But, in spite of all — perhaps rather because of all — he was even more remarkable-looking than he had been before.

She would have known him in a crowd — have known him anywhere.

As it was, in this quiet place, their eyes met with a flash of instantaneous recognition. A few dizzy moments — a voice in her ears — and then — she passed on.

Met at last! And such a meeting!

The bold look, the swaggering attitude, the contemptuous negligence of dress and demeanor — oh, how her heart throbbed!

She speak to him? She respond to his leap forward, and exclamation of her name?

She permit him to take her hand? Detain her?

No, indeed!

Not a smile — not a moment's hesitation, after that first involuntary halt. She will not vouchsafe him a word.

Up and down her room she paces, with clasped hands and quivering breath. The door is locked. She has secured a moment's quiet, and the wretched comfort of being free from prying observation.

Blundell! Could it be Blundell?

Were those Blundell's eyes? Was that Blundell's voice? In the same spot, under the same roof, they had stood and confronted each other, and he had spoken!

Oh! not he, but some vile impostor, miserable changeling! When had he that insolent air, that flushed brow, that inflamed glance?

It cannot — it *shall* not be Blundell!

He, for whom she had wept and prayed, and shamed herself in her own eyes!

For whose sake she had stormed in secret indignation at the calumny, the slander, the injustice which had fastened on his name!

Had not that very name been dear to her?

Had she not hungered even to hear it reproached — albeit every syllable stabbed her heart — rather than not hear it at all?

How quick she had been to detect covert allusions, when he was their object! How ready in guessing, where his form would have supplied a blank!

Now, then, she knew why, that morning, there had vibrated through the thin partition of their room, a sound which had strangely awakened her memory, yet troubled her to discover why.

She had divined no reason for it.

The husky voice of a late sleeper, demanding brandy ere he could rise — was that like any one she knew?

Most *unlike* Blundell.

It had been a trick of speech — a something in the accent.

She had smiled — had sighed to think how easily his image could be conjured up.

That sigh was now a groan. That image had been slain by force.

Blundell — *her* Blundell — was no more.

Pauline did not leave her room till evening.

A headache, she said, detained her. She would lie down, needed no attention.

"Those noisy people are to leave about nine o'clock," said her aunt, coming in. "None of them appeared at the *table d'hôte*, and I understand they have ordered dinner for themselves at seven. So, you see, we might just as well have had our little private dinner as not; and you, poor child, might have been tempted to eat something! If one ever tries not to give trouble at these places, some one else is sure to reap the benefit! I made a point of going down to that early breakfast, tired though I was; and then, when we came back from church, at nearly one o'clock, there was the *débris* of a great meal not begun to be cleared away! In a sitting-room to the right. The door was open as we passed. Did you not notice? Hot dishes too, for I saw the covers! This dress looks more respectable, does it not, Pauline? It was absolutely necessary to change, I assure you, for some one trampled upon me as we came in — oh, I told you, I think. So very rude! He never offered the slightest apology; he was staring at some one else; I should

have imagined it was you, if I had not seen you took no notice. But, really, I was quite annoyed, I am afraid they *are* a dissipated set of young men! It was one of *them*, you know, who did it; and there they are sitting at the window now, playing cards! I saw them as I passed by. Well, I have ordered up a cup of tea for you, love; and now, I am going to take a little rest, myself. How hot this room is! What do you say to a little stroll after your tea? It would do you good. It is so sad that you should miss the whole of this lovely day!"

Pauline pondered.

She longed to go. The balmy air outside would soothe and calm her, but her aunt's tittle-tattle —

"I don't feel equal to a walk myself," said that lady, innocently. "I think my best plan will be to lie down and try to get a little nap, now that the house is quiet. By-and-by I may perhaps put on a shawl, and peep out. But don't think about me, Pauline. Don't wait for me. Let us be independent of each other. I shall watch that party depart. They amuse me. And I feel quite good-tempered towards them, now that I know we are to be rid of their company before night!"

"I shall not come back before they go, then," said Pauline. "After which, shall I come in and fetch you?"

Yes, that would do perfectly. Her aunt would be found in the sitting-room.

At seven o'clock Pauline reconnoitred.

The private dinner was being carried up, there was a slight bustle among the attendants, and then the door was shut.

She stole down-stairs, intending to turn to the left, and explore a mountain track, which had come under her notice on their way home from church.

By taking this turn she would not run the risk of being seen.

Here, too, she would be safe from any chance encounter, whatever direction the departing travellers took.

It was well planned.

In crossing the hall, however, an opening door startled her, and in the confusion of escaping, she darted across the very window she most wished to avoid!

It was wide open, and the clatter of dishes, and voices within, could be heard.

But he was scarcely likely to have noticed her, and she could not imagine why she should care, if he had!

Still she preferred not to retrace her steps, not to cross the window again. Another footpath could be found.

Or stay, she would go down to the river. She would go over the picturesque old ivied bridge, and wander up the other side.

Groups of quiet-looking people, tempted by the warmth of the evening, were strolling up and down the village. Fathers and mothers, with their little ones; sweet-hearts linked arm-in-arm; Sunday-school children in clusters.

Several of her fellow occupants of the inn were likewise indulging in a ramble, and following some of these she crossed the bridge, and passing a pretty water-mill, at which they stopped to look, pursued her way up the river-side.

The party followed; a clergyman and two ladies.

She could hear their voices behind, as she walked quietly on, subdued and refreshed by the sweet influences around her, and after traversing rather more than a mile, she considered that here it would be well to stay awhile.

The footpath turned again into the wood, and probably rejoined the highroad a little higher up the banks.

As she halted, those behind did the same.

They had reached the spot most tempting to lovers of scenery. They had gone down, as she had, to the brink of the water, and were remarking to each other on the beauties around.

Presently she observed them, with satisfaction, settling down upon the rocks.

Books were being pulled out. They were choosing comfortable seats, evidently with a view to remaining where they were for some little time.

"That will do very well," reflected Pauline. "I shall keep those people in sight. I shall dog their footsteps going back. This is a lonely place, and good company at just that distance is desirable. I will sit down too, as soon as I have had one look round this point."

Accordingly she stepped forward, her scarlet shawl rendering her a bright spot of color among the flickering greens; and stood motionless for several minutes.

Her brow bared to the evening air, her shawl thrown off, and hanging on her arm, all in white she stood — and Blundell was looking at her. He had been looking at her for some time.

The first emotion which rushed with almost sickening force over Pauline's mind when she turned and saw him, was a sense of the same thing having happened before!

Then, true, it was *she* who had startled *him*, now it was *she* who was startled.

But was this all the difference?

What she might have done, had time been given her to think, she could not tell; as it was, she simply stepped forward and held out her hand.

He took it, bowing low as he did so; but neither spoke.

She had leisure to observe that a change of some sort had taken place in him since the morning; a change which shook her, for it was once again the Blundell she had known in the wild Hebridean island, who stood by her side.

Afraid of the silence, and of the strange trembling in her veins, Pauline was the first to stammer hastily a few incoherent words, but her voice was so low as to be almost inaudible.

Blundell made no attempt at reply.

"I startled you," he said, still keeping his eye upon her. "It was hardly fair to come upon you thus, but you forced me to it. Miss La Sarte, you would not speak to me this morning."

She was silent.

"I came to ask you why."

"Why?" with a sudden outburst. "Why?"

"Yes. Why? We parted friends, we have not seen each other for two years and a half, and you meet me thus. I think I have a right to ask why."

"Oh," said Pauline, sadly. "You know."

"I — know?"

"You must. You do. Was that the way you would have met me in the days you speak of? Is that how you would have been seen on God's holy day of rest? In such company, and such — such —"

She paused, much agitated.

He remained quietly regarding her, and after a minute said, "When you saw me last, Miss La Sarte, I had just endured a great loss, and I was in bad health. You would not have me remain always the moping fellow I was then? You were all very kind to me, I know, but you must have seen what a low state of spirits I was in, equally unpleasant to myself, and to all my friends. Congratulate me upon having got the better of it."

"You have had another illness since then," said Pauline, gently putting aside the question, "I will congratulate you on your recovery from that."

"How did you hear of it? Yes, I was nearly done for, they tell me. But how did you know?"

"I heard about you every day. I was within four miles of Blundellsaye."

"You were within four miles of Blun-

dellsaye! Where were you? Who were you with? How did I not know?"

He poured out the questions with a rapidity and eagerness that could not but be flattering.

"I was at the Grange, with my aunt, Mrs. Wyndham."

"Mrs. Wyndham? I don't know the name. Has she bought the Grange? Shall you be there again?"

"Yes, she has bought it."

"And when do you go back? How soon? How the devil—ah!" he bit his lip, "I can't imagine how I did not come to hear of your being there!"

No response.

"You did not think much of our society, I presume," continued Blundell. "Stupidest lot of people I ever came across! Will your aunt allow me to call?"

He pressed closer to her as he spoke. She drew back.

"Cannot tell."

"I don't know why you should treat me thus, Miss La Sarte," said he, offended. "Your other aunt was kindness itself to me, all the time I was at Gourloch, and you and your cousin were the same. What have I done to injure myself in your opinion? Will you have the kindness to explain to me what really is the cause of your displeasure?"

"My displeasure! It is not *my* displeasure! I have no displeasure. I have nothing to do with it. I don't know—I I don't know what to say," cried the poor girl. "But this morning when you spoke to me you seemed—you looked so unlike what I had ever seen you—I am afraid you were not even quite yourself——"

The effect of her words frightened her.

His brow crimsoned, and he leant against the rock as if to steady himself, without speaking, for several minutes' time. At last he turned towards her. "You thought I was drunk, did you?"

To his amazement the sound of a sob came for answer.

"And you cared as much as that?" he cried.

"How could I but care?" replied she, "to see *any one* so! And on this day of all days! It"—firmly and quietly—"grieved me very much."

His look hardened again.

"That was a pity, for, as it happened, you were mistaken; I was not so abandoned."

Pauline turned to go.

"I see you do not believe me," he said.

"I cannot make you understand. I will

try to believe you. You always speak the truth——"

"You are too good!"

"But if it *is* the truth, it——Why do you ask me to speak at all?" she broke off suddenly. "Why do you persecute me so? I would not say a word to pain you, no, I would not——"

"Oh dear, no! You only hint in the most gentle manner at unpleasant details!"

Her anger rose.

"You must go now, or I shall. I will not speak to you, nor hear you speak again. I will *not*. It is no good. For the sake of the past, good-bye," putting out her hand, "but don't try to keep me."

"Good-bye," he said, carelessly. "I say, don't laugh at me behind my back, please. I am a fool, I know, but I would rather that *you* did not say it."

"How can you? How can you?" She struggled with her feelings, resolute on keeping a mastery over them. "You never spoke to me so before, and what have I done to make you do it now? Let me go."

"Certainly."

He made way for her to pass. "And so departs all my chance in this world, and the next!"

Could she go with those words in her ears? He thought not; and he was right.

She remained riveted to the spot, as if detained by the grasp of an invisible hand.

"Don't let *me* keep you," continued Blundell, in the same light tone. "I am hardly worth a curse—certainly nothing else! Confess now, you would not put out your little finger to save me, if you saw me going down into that pool, would you? You would sooner play the Lorelei's part—I think it is a favorite one of yours—to such a poor devil as I am! This is the second occasion on which you have appeared in it to me. Don't do so a third time, please. That means the final scene, you understand? And I don't wish to be unnecessarily hurried in my exit; I should like to make my bow with decency, when the correct time comes."

She turned from him, and burst into an agony of tears.

"Good God!" exclaimed he.

He had been beside himself.

The shock of meeting her in the forenoon, with the mortification consequent on her refusal to recognize him, had left him so ill at ease, as to make an explanation necessary. He had followed her

steps, directed by villagers who had seen her pass, and had found her more beautiful and more impossible than ever.

More than that, he had found her at a peculiarly unfortunate time for his own spirits and temper.

He was suffering the reaction consequent on the previous day's outbreak, and he was fasting, having left the dinner-table without tasting either food or wine.

He had been betrayed into an unpardonable degree of irritation, until the sight of her distress recalled him in some manner to himself.

Her distress? But he wanted to be assured of more than her distress! He sought some personal claim to her tears. It seemed to him as though, all along, he had only cared for Pauline.

The trio on the rocks below went quietly home; but Pauline did not see them; her face was buried in her hands.

Blundell did, however, and waited.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"PAULINE, ACCEPT THE PLEDGE."

"Give a woman the consciousness of having right on her side, and it is odds but she will prove insensible to argument, inaccessible to tenderness, and invulnerable to scorn."

"I CANNOT, no, I cannot," said Pauline.

"And is this to be final? May I not speak again? May I not hope that you will relent, that time —"

She shook her head.

"Why should I say time, indeed?" cried he, "why not now, this moment? You have said so much, you have been so good, I can scarcely believe my own happiness — it cannot be that you refuse farther to confirm it? You would not have me now despair? Only tell me that; only throw out the smallest crumbs of comfort, and I will feed upon them, like a dog!"

"Mr. Blundell, I do not dare. You know, you know, why."

"Yes," he said, "I do know. A viler wretch than I am, you cannot make me out, think what you may of me. That you should care —" He stopped in evident emotion.

"Care! Oh yes, I care —"

"Then you can save me. Can you refuse, and yet acknowledge what you have acknowledged? Confess that I — that my love, my devotion, has met — unworthy as I am to say it — with return?"

"Are you asking *me* to save you?" cried Pauline. "A sinner like yourself, save you!"

"God forbid! I ask a pure and noble saint to save me, and to her shrine I am come," he added, folding his arms, and stooping his head before her, with a gesture of proud humility. "Will she disdain so poor a suppliant? Having alone the power, has she not the will?"

"This is dreadful," said Pauline. "What warnings you have had already! Your brother's fearful end! Your own danger! These you have disregarded, and you think that I, a poor, weak woman, can do more! What if I gave myself to you? You would soon cease to heed me. You would speak to me as you did just now —"

"No — no."

"You would. What right should I have to expect anything else? Now, at this moment, you are seeking to persuade me to disobey the plain command of God —"

"What command? To save a soul?" cried Blundell, eagerly. "Is *that* the command I would have you disobey? See here, I have read the Scriptures, have studied them, perhaps, as much as you have, and although I pretend no longer to shape my life by what I found there, so much I can aver, — you could not be committing a sin in making so great a sacrifice."

"Sacrifice!"

"Perhaps it would hardly be a sacrifice; but still it would be;" he paused, casting about in his mind for some word, some idea, that should weigh down the balance in his favor. "Is it nothing to reclaim a man like me? Could you have done this, would I have asked it, would I have spoken another word on the subject, if that moment's weakness had not disclosed to me more than I could ever have presumed to hope? Now, you weep again, and give me courage," attempting to take her hand. "You do love me, you do care for me. God bless you for it! Pauline, let us both be happy."

"Stop," said she, "stop, and listen to what I say."

She paused, drew a long breath, and grew calmer.

"Mr. Blundell, when I first knew you, and I thought — we all thought — we believed that you were, so far as you then knew, seeking with a single heart to walk in the right way, I — I would not have spoken to you, as I have done to-night. I thought that for a man to be in earnest, and to be sincere, it was enough. That he was sure to find the truth at last. But I have learnt otherwise. You *were* in earnest, yes, you were; but you were deter-

mined to walk in your own strength; and you fell. And you *will* fall, whether you lean on yourself, or me, or on any other than the Holy Spirit of God. That you may be led to cast away all other aid, and to seek his, before it is too late, shall be my daily prayer for you."

"Don't pray for me — lead me," pleaded Blundell, not unnaturally. "You shall teach me what you mean, and show me by your own sweet example the way to heaven. Who can do that better than a wife? You are leaving me to myself, when you might be my hope — my light — my life —"

"Should I be that?" said she, trembling. "Are those words fit for me? You would put me in the first place — me —"

"I would! I do already."

"In His place, who will not tolerate such wickedness!"

"Wickedness?"

"Oh yes, you will see it some day. And I should be the cause!"

"I don't understand. You are surely mistaken. You are under some delusion."

"No," said Pauline, starting forward with sudden vehemence, "I am not. And I must not listen to you any longer. Do not," seeing he was about to interpose — "have pity, do not stop me. You would not be so cruel, if you knew — if you guessed — And now," resolutely, "I am going."

"Going! Without one word of hope?"

"Yes, I have no hope."

She turned dejectedly away, and he mechanically held out his hand to guide her footsteps over the uneven pathway.

"At least I shall see you sometimes? You return south!" he said, at last.

"Yes."

"To our neighborhood?"

"I must, I am dependent on my aunt, and must go where she goes."

"Indeed? Forgive me for being glad. It leaves me something yet to look forward to, something to live for! Must I take you home, now?"

He was still moving beside her step by step, holding her hand.

Neither spoke until they reached the footpath, when she would have withdrawn it, but he suddenly caught it to his lips.

"I cannot let this go," he said, "I *cannot*."

"Would you break my heart?" said she, weeping afresh. "Will you force me never to look upon your face again? Oh! do not make me fear you! Leave me — leave us, friends."

"And thus I seal our friendship!" said

Blundell, suddenly clasping her in his arms, and kissing her trembling lips. "And thus I pledge myself to woo and win you, yet! Pauline, accept the pledge."

She could not speak.

"I am a brute!" said he, lifting the shawl which had dropped from her nerveless arm, and folding her in it. "You shall not have more to bear from me — to-night, at least. Stay — one kiss more — and now, lean upon me, and we will come. You shall not again have to say you fear me, Pauline. You may trust me. Come! By Jove! it is nine o'clock!"

She hurried along, aware of what this meant. His companions must be already waiting, nine having been the hour fixed upon for their start! So much her aunt had overheard, and even at such a moment she could feel an additional torment in the apprehension that he might be searched for, and discovered — with her!

Her hand lay within his arm, but, as he had promised, he forbore to urge her further.

At length the bridge was reached.

"You will stay here, I presume," said Blundell, bending towards her. "Stay but ten minutes, and we shall be gone! But we shall meet, Pauline, meet at Blundell-saye. Only one question, now. When do you go there?"

"Not for some time. Not till the autumn."

"You are going to Scotland, first?"

"Yes."

"I wish I were! But I have promised to join a party in Norway. And — yes — I'll go. I shall come back in October, however, and *then* — No, not a word. Not a single word! I shall forget all you have said to me to-day, all but one confession, and that I shall *never* forget, *never*. It shall go with me, stay with me, until I draw another from your lips. Now, I suppose I ought to go."

She remained motionless.

"Say good-bye, won't you?" said he, putting out his hand.

"Good-bye."

Other wayfarers were crossing the bridge, and a group of villagers stood curiously regarding the pair.

"Good-bye, good-bye," he whispered, coming close to her. "Say good-bye once again, Pauline. I hate to hear you say it, and so I punish myself for all I have done and said to-night. And yet — I don't wish a word unsaid! Do you? Have you forgiven me? Forgive me with some more tears, dear. Think of me to-night; no

matter how; I know it cannot be unkindly. Think of me to-morrow, and the next day, and every day. Now, one look, one smile! By Heaven! I hardly know how to part with you! Say but a single word—a touch of your little hand will keep me! What! You won't? And you turn from me again? Pauline!"

His look of reproach she could hardly withstand.

"Go, go," she stammered, faintly.

"You promised me to go."

"I am going. Now, don't speak, but listen. I take with me to-night a talisman; and when next we meet, you yourself shall acknowledge all that it has done for me. The thought of you"—he stopped—he almost broke down—she could just catch the entreaty—"don't forbid me that, and I shall need no more."

He was not forbidden, she had no voice—perhaps no wish—to forbid him.

Some minutes he waited, as though to test the full value of her silence, then with a lingering look, a grateful pressure of the hand he held, but without another word, he went.

Scarcely had the sound of his steps died away ere Pauline sank down upon the broken wall by the roadside, unable longer to stand.

Her strength had departed; but so long as it was needed, it had not failed her.

In mute wonder, with a sense of bare deliverance, she hung over the side; concealing her face from observation, whilst feebly wiping from her eyes the ever gathering moisture; all power of thought and memory for the moment gone.

Blundell with her! Holding her hand! His kisses on her face! His passionate words vibrating on her ear!

It seemed a dream—a mad improbability.

Here—in this quiet place—away from all the world—she had spent one most terrible, most blissful hour.

Oh! had he known how nearly she had yielded!

This man, till a few hours ago her hero—then her scorn—had almost prevailed to be her husband!

And the past?

It had been explained in a moment, had scarcely seemed to need explanation.

Her coldness, her reserve, his sense of unworthiness, his resolution to forget, all by turns had been recounted.

Then he had hurried on to the present, and then had been the test. Did she love him?

Her heart had been his from the very

first day. A word, a glance, had made it leap; a touch had made it tremble. This was for herself alone, but something of the truth had been revealed also to him. He had caught at it, and forced from her the whole. She *did* love him?

She could not deny it.

And he loved her. Why then the difficulty?

Over and over, she had been forced to combat the appeals of a resolute, self-willed man, bent on the fulfilment of his wish.

Had she done right? She hardly knew.

Had she done wrong? *No*.

In the dire confusion of misery and happiness, one thing was certain, her conscience was at peace. No reproachful voice within had need to be stifled.

He loved her; that could not but make her happy. She loved him; that could not but make her miserable.

But there was One above who would not chide her.

Those only who love the dear ones of earth *more* than him, are unworthy of him.

Yea, and the greater the love that is not *more*—the stronger the love whose bonds are broken for his sake—the more infinite will be his compassion.

And this woman hath done what she could. She hath brought a costly offering.

She hath ta'en her sacrifice and laid it at his feet, and—joy unspeakable—he will not despise it.

.....

It was some time ere Pauline was sufficiently composed to note the flight of time, and the gathering darkness, which warned her to stay out no longer.

She had risen from her seat, and was about to turn her steps homewards, when her aunt flitted across the bridge.

Mrs. Wyndham had been infinitely amused watching the party drive off, and was anxious to describe all that she had descried from her post of observation.

They were boys, mere boys, she said, all, excepting the tall, dark man—the wretch who had trodden on her dress in the morning, but whose misdemeanors she had almost found it in her heart to forgive, as he had been so unmercifully set upon by all the rest. He had been out, and had lost his way, and they had pelted him with the most pitiless epithets!

Indeed, they had had some cause for vexation; their carriage, a charming drag, with a team of roans, had had to stand, or rather to move backwards and forwards,

in front of the inn, for three quarters of an hour at least.

Hearing his excuse — that he had lost his way — made Mrs. Wyndham, she averred, think of her niece; and it had immediately occurred to her that Pauline had, in all probability, lost her way also.

But for a lady to make her way unprotected through all that uproar, was not to be thought of; and she had been obliged to wait till they were off, ere she could escape from her prison. She had waited till they had turned the corner, and had then set off immediately.

Inquiries followed, to which, in the present tumult of her spirits, it was difficult for Pauline to reply.

Was she rested? Had she enjoyed her walk? Was her head better?

Yes, her head was better, she had really forgotten all about it. The other questions could be passed over.

"Did you see anything of the missing gentleman?" inquired her aunt, presently.

Ah — yes, Pauline had.

"By far the best looking of the whole set, my dear; and quite seven or eight and thirty, I should say! Men, you know, do improve up to that age. None of the others were in the least handsome, — at least, not to *my* taste. Perhaps I am singular, but I must own that I never can look at a fair man, when a dark one is by. Fair *women*, you know, are — are — are *de rigueur*! But I ought not to say that to you, ought I, you nut-brown maid! 'nut-brown maid,' you see; every style has its admirers; and there are some whom I could name, who, I fancy, would declare that a blue eye cannot compete with a hazel one, eh, my love? But as a rule, Pauline, as a *rule*, it is fair women and dark men. Byron, you know, 'The lamps shone o'er fair women and dark' — isn't it 'dark' men? Well, if it is not, it ought to have been; and I do really believe" — with a little laugh — "that it was his being a dark man, and such a very good-looking one, that inclined my heart to pity that delinquent more than all the ill-treatment he met with, for indeed he seemed to take but little heed of that!"

"What did he say?"

"Nothing. Not a word, so far as I remember, after the first. He jumped into the drag without entering the house, although the others did have the grace to ask him to have something before they went; for, it seems, he had not been in at their dinner."

"And he had lost his way?"

"So he said."

"I wish," reflected Pauline, "he had not said it."

After this the Welsh tour fell somewhat flat.

The best places were duly visited, and the best scenery surveyed, but it failed in restoring the animation which it had at first inspired.

Pauline was so very quiet, could it be that she was ill?

Mrs. Wyndham scarcely liked to confess even to herself, that she would have done well to add another to her party; but, certainly, neither aunt nor niece were unduly depressed when the time came for turning their backs upon moor and fell, and they found themselves safely off in the London train, from Hereford.

From The Nineteenth Century.
LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS BECKET.

PART II.*

BECKET was now forty-four years old. The king was thirty. The ascendancy which Becket had hitherto exercised over his sovereign through the advantage of age was necessarily diminishing as the king came to maturity, and the two great antagonists, as they were henceforth to be, were more fairly matched than Becket perhaps expected to find them. The archbishop was past the time of life at which the character can be seriously changed. After forty men may alter their opinions, their policy, and their conduct; but they rarely alter their dispositions; and Becket remained as violent, as overbearing, as ambitious, as unscrupulous, as he had shown himself when chancellor, though the objects at which he was henceforth to aim were entirely different. It would be well for his memory were it possible to credit him with a desire to reform the Church of which he was the head, to purge away the corruption of it, to punish himself the moral disorders of the clergy, while he denied the right to punish them to the State. We seek in vain, however, for the slightest symptom of any such desire. Throughout his letters there is not the faintest consciousness that anything was amiss. He had been himself amongst the grossest of pluralists; so far from being ashamed of it, he still aimed at retaining the most lucrative of his benefices. The idea with which his mind was filled was not the purity of the Church, but the

privilege and supremacy of the Church. As chancellor he had been at the head of the State under the king. As archbishop in the name of the Church, he intended to be head both of State and king; to place the pope, and himself as the pope's legate, in the position of God's viceregents. When he found it written that "by me kings reign and princes decree judgment," he appropriated the language to himself, and his single aim was to convert the words thus construed into reality.

The first public intimation which Becket gave of his intentions was his resignation of the chancellorship. He had been made archbishop that the offices might be combined; he was no sooner consecrated than he informed the king that the duties of his sacred calling left him no leisure for secular business. He did not even wait for Henry's return from Normandy. He placed the great seal in the hands of the chief justice, the young prince, and the barons of the exchequer, demanding and receiving from them a hurried discharge of his responsibilities. The accounts, for all that appears, were never examined. Grim, perhaps, when accusing him of rapine and murder, was referring to a suppression of a disturbance in Aquitaine, not to any special act of which he was guilty in England; but the unsparing ruthlessness which he displayed on that occasion was an indication of the disposition which was displayed in all that he did, and he was wise in anticipating inquiry.

The king had not recovered from his surprise at such unwelcome news when he learned that his splendid minister had laid aside his magnificence and had assumed the habit of a monk, that he was always in tears—tears which flowed from him with such miraculous abundance as to evidence the working in him of some special grace,* or else of some special purpose. His general conduct at Canterbury was equally startling. One act of charity, indeed, he had overlooked which neither in conscience nor prudence should have been forgotten. The mother of Pope Adrian the Fourth was living somewhere in his province in extreme poverty, starving, it was said, of cold and hunger. The see of Canterbury, as well as England, owed much to Pope Adrian, and Becket's neglect of a person who was at least entitled to honorable maintenance was not unobserved at Rome. Otherwise his generosity was profuse. Archbishop Theo-

bald had doubled the charities of his predecessor, Becket doubled Theobald's. Mendicants swarmed about the gates of the palace; thirteen of them were taken in daily to have their dinners, to have their feet washed by the archiepiscopal hands, and to be dismissed each with a silver penny in his pocket. The tears and the benevolent humiliations were familiar in aspirants after high Church offices; but Becket had nothing more to gain. What could be the meaning of so sudden and so startling a transformation? Was it penitence for his crimes as chancellor? The tears looked like penitence; but there were other symptoms of a more aggressive kind. He was no sooner in his seat than he demanded the restoration of estates that his predecessors had alienated. He gave judgment in his own court in his own favor, and enforced his own decrees. Knights holding their lands from the Church on military tenure had hitherto done homage for them to the crown. The new archbishop demanded the homage for himself. He required the Earl of Clare to swear fealty to him at Tunbridge Castle. The Earl of Clare refused and appealed to the king, and the archbishop dared not at once strike so large a quarry. But he showed his teeth with a smaller offender. Sir William Eynesford, one of the king's knights, was patron of a benefice in Kent. The archbishop presented a priest to it. The knight ejected the archbishop's nominee, and the archbishop excommunicated the knight. Such peremptory sentences, pronounced without notice, had a special inconvenience when directed against persons immediately about the king. Excommunication was like the plague; whoever came near the infected body himself caught the contagion, and the king might be poisoned without his knowledge. It had been usual in these cases to pay the king the courtesy of consulting him. Becket, least of all men, could have pleaded ignorance of such a custom. It seemed that he did not choose to observe it.* While courting the populace, and gaining a reputation as a saint among the clergy, the archbishop was asserting his secular authority, and using the spiritual sword to enforce it. Again, what did

* "Quod, quia rege minime certiorato archiepiscopus fecisset, maximam ejus indignationem incurrit. Assertit enim rex juxta dignitatem regni sui, quod nulus qui de rege teneat in capite vel minister ejus citra ipsius consentiam sit excommunicandus ab aliquo, ne si hoc regem lateat lapsus ignorantia communicet excommunicato; comitem vel baronem ad se venientem in osculo vel consilio admittat." — Matthew Paris, *Chronica Majora*, vol. ii., p. 222.

* "Ut putaretur possessor irrigui superioris et inferioris." The "superior" fountain of tears was the love of God; the "inferior" was the fear of hell.

it mean, this interference with the rights of the laity, this ambition for a personal following of armed knights? Becket was not a dreamer who had emerged into high place from the cloister or the library. He was a man of the world, intimately acquainted with the practical problems of the day, the most unlikely of all persons to have adopted a course so marked without some ulterior purpose. Henry discovered too late that his mother's eyes had been keener than his own. He returned to England in the beginning of 1163. Becket met him at his landing, but was coldly received.

In the summer of the same year, Pope Alexander held a council at Tours. The English prelates attended. The question of precedence was not this time raised. The Archbishop of Canterbury and his suffragans sat on the pope's right hand, the Archbishop of York and his suffragans sat on the pope's left. Whether anything of consequence passed on this occasion between the pope and Becket is not known: probably not; it is certain, however, that they met. On the archbishop's return to England the disputes between the secular and spiritual authorities broke into open conflict.

The Church principles of Gregory the Seventh were making their way through Europe, but were making their way with extreme slowness. Though the celibacy of the clergy had been decreed by law, clerical concubinage was still the rule in England. A *focaria* and a family were still to be found in most country parsonages. In theory the priesthood was a caste. In practice priests and their flocks were united by common interests, common pursuits, common virtues, and common crimes. The common law of England during the reigns of the Conqueror's sons had refused to distinguish between them. Clerks guilty of robbery or murder had been tried like other felons in the ordinary courts, and if found guilty had suffered the same punishments. The new pretension was that they were a peculiar order, set apart for God's service, not amenable to secular jurisdiction, and liable to trial only in the spiritual courts. Under the loose administration of Stephen, the judges had begun to recognize their immunity, and the conduct of the lower class of clergy was in consequence growing daily more intolerable. Clergy, indeed, a great many of them had no title to be called. They had received only some minor form of orders, of which no sign was visible in their appearance or conduct. They were

clerks only so far as they held benefices and claimed special privileges; for the rest, they hunted, fought, drank, and gambled like other idle gentlemen.

In the autumn of 1163 a specially gross case of clerical offence brought the question to a crisis.

Philip de Broi, a young nobleman who held a canonry at Bedford, had killed some one in a quarrel. He was brought before the court of the Bishop of Lincoln, where he made his purgation *ecclesiastico jure* — that is to say, he paid the usual fees and perhaps a small fine. The relations of the dead man declared themselves satisfied, and Philip de Broi was acquitted. The Church and the relations might be satisfied; public justice was not satisfied. The sheriff of Bedfordshire declined to recognize the decision, and summoned the canon a second time. The canon insulted the sheriff in open court, and refused to plead before him. The sheriff referred the matter to the king. The king sent for Philip de Broi, and cross-questioned him in Becket's presence. It was not denied that he had killed a man. The king inquired what Becket was prepared to do. Becket's answer, for the present and all similar cases, was that a clerk in orders accused of felony must be tried in the first instance in an ecclesiastical court, and punished according to ecclesiastical law. If the crime was found to be of peculiarly dark kind, the accused might be deprived of his orders, and, if he again offended, should lose his privilege. But for the offence for which he was deprived he was not to be again tried or again punished; the deprivation itself was to suffice.

The king, always moderate, was unwilling to press the question to extremity. He condemned the judgment of the Bishop of Lincoln's court. He insisted that the murderers should have a real trial. But he appointed a mixed commission of bishops and laymen to try him, the bishops having the preponderating voice.

Philip de Broi pleaded that he had made his purgation in the regular manner, that he had made his peace with the family of the man that he had killed, and that the matter was thus ended. He apologized for having insulted the sheriff, and professed himself willing to make reasonable reparation. The sentence of the commission was that his benefices should be sequestered for two years, and that, if the sheriff insisted upon it, he should be flogged.

So weak a judgment showed Henry the real value of Becket's theory. The crimi-

nal clerk was to be amenable to the law as soon as he had been degraded, not before; and it was perfectly plain that clerks never would be degraded. They might commit murder upon murder, robbery upon robbery, and the law would be unable to touch them. It could not be. The king insisted that a sacred profession should not be used as a screen for the protection of felony. He summoned the whole body of the bishops to meet him in a council at Westminster in October.

The council met. The archbishop was resolute. He replied for the other bishops in an absolute refusal to make any concession. The judges and the laity generally were growing excited. Had the clergy been saints, the claims advanced for them would have been scarcely tolerable. Being what they were, such pretensions were ridiculous. Becket might speak in their name. He did not speak their real opinions. Arnulf, Bishop of Lisieux, came over to use his influence with Becket, but he found him inexorable. To risk the peace of the Church in so indefensible a quarrel seemed obstinate folly. The Bishop of Lisieux and several of the English prelates wrote privately to the pope to entreat him to interfere.

Alexander had no liking for Becket. He had known him long, and had no belief in the lately assumed airs of sanctity. Threatened as he was by the emperor and the antipope, he had no disposition to quarrel with Henry, nor in the particular question at issue does he seem to have thought the archbishop in the right. On the spot he despatched a legate, a monk named Philip of Aumone, to tell Becket that he must obey the laws of the realm, and submit to the king's pleasure.

The king was at Woodstock. The archbishop, thus commanded, could not refuse to obey. He repaired to the court. He gave his promise. He undertook, *bona fide et sine malo ingenio*, to submit to the laws of the land, whatever they might be found to be. But a vague engagement of this kind was unsatisfactory, and might afterwards be evaded. The question of the immunities of the clergy had been publicly raised. The attention of the nation had been called to it. Once for all the position in which the clergy were to stand to the law of the land must be clearly and finally laid down. The judges had been directed to inquire into the customs which had been of use in England under the king's grandfather, Henry the First. A second council was called to meet at Clarendon, near Win-

chester, in the following January, when these customs, reduced to writing, would be placed in the archbishops' and bishops' hands, and they would be required to consent to them in detail.

The spiritual power had encroached on many sides. Every question, either of person, conduct, or property, in which an ecclesiastic was a party, the Church courts had endeavoured to reserve for themselves. Being judges in their own causes, the decisions of the clergy were more satisfactory to themselves than to the laity. The practice of appealing to Rome in every cause in which a churchman was in any way connected had disorganized the whole course of justice. The Constitutions (as they were called) of Clarendon touched in detail on a variety of points on which the laity considered themselves injured. The general provisions embodied in these famous resolutions would now be scarcely challenged in the most Catholic country in the world.

1. During the vacancy of any archbishopric, bishopric, abbey, or priory of royal foundation, the estates were to be in the custody of the crown. Elections to these preferments were to be held in the royal chapel, with the assent of the king and council.

2. In every suit to which a clerk was a party, proceedings were to commence before the king's justices, and these justices were to decide whether the case was to be tried before a spiritual or a civil court. If it was referred to a spiritual court, a civil officer was to attend to watch the trial, and if a clerk was found guilty of felony the Church was to cease to protect him.

3. No tenant-in-chief of the king, or officer of his household, was to be excommunicated, or his lands laid under an interdict, until application had been first made to the king, or in his absence, to the chief justice.

4. Laymen were not to be indicted in a bishop's court, either for perjury or other similar offence, except in the bishop's presence by a lawful prosecutor and with lawful witnesses. If the accused was of so high rank that no prosecutor would appear, the bishop might require the sheriff to call a jury to inquire into the case.

5. Archbishops, bishops, and other great persons were forbidden to leave the realm without the king's permission.

6. Appeals were to be from the archdeacon to the bishop, from the bishop to the archbishop, from the archbishop to the king, and no further; that, by the king's

mandate, the case might be ended in the archbishop's court.*

The last article the king afterwards explained away. It was one of the most essential, but he was unable to maintain it; and he was rash, or he was ill-advised, in raising a second question, on which the pope would naturally be sensitive, before he had disposed of the first. On the original subject of dispute, whether benefit of clergy was to mean impunity to crime, the pope had already practically decided, and he could have been brought without difficulty to give a satisfactory judgment upon it. Some limit also might have been assigned to the powers of excommunication which could be so easily abused, and which, if abused, might lose their terrors. But appeals to the pope were the most lucrative source of the pope's revenue. To restrict appeals was to touch at once his pride and his exchequer.

The Constitutions were drafted, and when the council assembled were submitted to Becket for approval. He saw in the article on the appeals a prospect of recovering Alexander's support, and he again became obstinate. None of the bishops, however, would stand by him. There was a general entreaty that he would not reopen the quarrel, and he yielded so far as to give a general promise of conformity.† It was a promise given dishonestly—given with a conscious intention of not observing it. He had been tempted, he afterwards said, by an intimation that, if he would but seem to yield, the king would be satisfied. Becket was a lawyer. He could not really have been under any such illusion. In real truth he did not mean to be bound by the language of the Constitutions at all, but only by his own language, from which it would be easy to escape. The king by this time knew the man with whom he had to deal. The Constitutions were placed in writing before the bishops, who one and all were required to signify their adherence under their several hands and seals.

Becket, we are innocently told by his biographer Grim, now saw that he was to be entrapped. There was no entrapping if his promise had been honestly given. The use of the word is a frank confession that he had meant to deceive Henry by

words, and that he was being caught in his own snare. When driven to bay, the archbishop's fiery nature always broke into violence. "Never, never," he said; "I will never do it so long as breath is in my body."* In affected penitence for his guilty compliance, he retired to his see to afflict his flesh with public austerities. He suspended himself *ab altaris officio* (from the service of the altar) till the pope should absolve him from his sin. The Bishop of Evreux, who was present at Clarendon, advised him to write to the pope for authority to sign. He pretended to comply, but he commissioned a private friend of his own, John of Salisbury, who was on the Continent, to prepare for his reception on the flight which he already meditated from England, and by all methods, fair and foul, to prevent the pope and cardinals from giving the king any further encouragement. The Bishop of Lisieux, on the other hand, whose previous intercession had decided the pope in the king's favor, went to Sens in person to persuade Alexander to cut the knot by sending legatine powers to the Archbishop of York to override Becket's obstinacy and to consent in the name of the Church instead of him.

John of Salisbury's account of his proceedings gives a curious picture of the cause of God, as Becket called it, on its earthly and grosser side.

The Count of Flanders (he wrote to the archbishop) is most anxious to help you. If extremity comes, send the count word, and he will provide ships.† Everything which passed in London and at Winchester (Clarendon) is better known here than in England itself. I have seen the king of France, who undertakes to write to the pope in your behalf. The feeling towards our king among the French people is of fear and hatred. The pope himself I have avoided so far. I have written to the two cardinals of Pisa and Pavia to explain the injury which will ensue to the Court of Rome if the Constitutions are upheld. I am not sanguine, however. "Many things make against us, few in our favor. Great men will come over here with money to spend, *quam nunquam Roma contempsit* (which Rome never despised). The pope himself has always been

* The Constitutions were seventeen in all. The articles in the text are an epitome of those which the Church found most objectionable.

† Foliot, however, says that many of the bishops were willing to stand out, and that Becket himself advised a false submission.—Foliot to Becket, Giles, vol. i., p. 381.

* "Sanctus archiepiscopus tunc primum dolum quem fuerat suspicatus advertens, interposita fide quam Deo debuit: 'Non hoc fiet,' respondit, 'quam diu in hoc vasculo spirat hæc anima.' Nam domesticæ regis securum fecerant archiepiscopum quod nunquam scriberentur leges, nunquam illarum fieret recordatio, si regem verbo tantum in audientia procerum honorasset. Ficta se conjugatione seductum videns, ad animam usque tristabatur."—Materials for the History of Thomas Becket, vol. ii., p. 382.

† "Naves enim procurabit si hoc necessitas vestra exegerit, et ipse ante, ut oportet, præmonetur."—*Joannis Sarisburiensis Epistola*, vol. i., p. 188.

against us in this cause, and throws in our teeth that after all which Pope Adrian did for the see of Canterbury you are allowing his mother to starve in cold and hunger.* You write that if I cannot succeed otherwise I may promise two hundred marks. The other side will give down three or four hundred sooner than be defeated,† and I will answer for the Romans that they will prefer the larger sum in hand from the king to the smaller in promise from you. It is true we are contending for the liberties of the Church, but your motive, it will be said, is not the Church's welfare, but your own ambition. They will propose (I have already heard a whisper of it) that the pope shall cross to England in person to crown the young king and take your place at Canterbury for a while. If the Bishop of Lisieux sees the pope, he will do mischief. I know the nature of him.‡

Though the archbishop was convulsing the realm for the sacred right of appeals to Rome, it is plain from this letter that he was aware of the motives by which the papal decisions were governed, and that he was perfectly ready to address himself to them. Unfortunately his resources were limited, and John of Salisbury's misgivings were confirmed. The extraordinary legatine powers were conceded not to the Archbishop of York — it was held inexpedient to set York above Canterbury — but to the king himself. To Becket the pope wrote with some irony on hearing that he had suspended himself. He trusted the archbishop was not creating needless scandal. The promise to the king had been given with good intentions, and could not therefore be a serious sin. If there was anything further on his conscience (did the pope suspect that the promise had been dishonest?) he might confess it to any discreet priest. He (the pope) meanwhile absolved him, and advised and even enjoined him to return to his duties.

The first campaign was thus over, and the king was so far victorious. The legatine powers having arrived, the Constitutions were immediately acted upon. The number of criminals among the clergy happened to be unusually large.§ They were degraded, sent to trial, and suffered in the usual way by death or mutilation.

* "Cujus mater apud vos algore torquetur et inedia."

† "Sed scribitis, si alia via non paterit, promittamus ducentas marcas. At certe pars adversa antequam frustretur trecentas dabit aut quadringentas."

‡ John of Salisbury to Becket (abridged). — Letters, vol. i., p. 187.

§ "Sed et ordinatorum inordinati mores inter regem et archiepiscopum auxere malitiam, qui solito abundantius per idem tempus apparebant, publicis irretiti criminibus." — Materials etc., vol. ii., p. 385.

"Then," say Becket's despairing biographers, "was seen the mournful spectacle of priests and deacons who had committed murder, manslaughter, theft, robbery, and other crimes, carried in carts before the king's commissioners and punished as if they had been ordinary men." The archbishop clamored, threatened, and, as far as his power went, interfered. The king was firm. He had sworn at his coronation, he said, to do justice in the realm, and there were no greater villains in it than many of the clergy.* That bishops should take public offenders out of custody, absolve them, and let them go, was not to be borne. It was against law, against usage, against reason. It could not be. The laity were generally of the king's opinion. Of the bishops some four or five agreed privately with Becket, but dared not avow their opinions. The archbishop perceived that the game was lost unless he could himself see the pope and speak to him. He attempted to steal over from Sandwich, but the boatmen recognized him midway across the Channel and brought him back.

The pope had sent legatine powers to the king, and the king had acted upon them; but something was still wanting for general satisfaction. He had been required to confirm the Constitutions by a bull. He had hesitated to do it, and put off his answer. At length he sent the Archbishop of Rouen to England to endeavor to compromise matters. The formal consent of the Church was still wanting, and in the absence of it persons who agreed with the king in principle were uneasy at the possible consequences. The clergy might be wicked, but they were magicians notwithstanding, and only the chief magician could make it safe to deal with them. In the autumn of 1164 the king once more summoned a great council to meet him at Northampton Castle. The attendance was vast. Every peer and prelate not disabled was present, all feeling the greatness of the occasion. Castle, town, and monasteries were thronged to overflowing. Becket only had hesitated to appear. His attempt to escape to the Continent was constructive treason. It was more than treason. It was a violation of a distinct promise which he had given to the king.† The storm which he had raised had unloosed the tongues of those who had to complain of his ill-usage

* "In omni scelere et flagitio nequiores."

† Foliot to Becket, Giles, vol. ii., p. 387.

of them either in his archbishop's court or in the days when he was chancellor. The accounts had been looked into, and vast sums were found to have been received by him of which no explanation had been given. Who was this man, that he should throw the country into confusion, in the teeth of the bishops, in the teeth (as it seemed) of the pope, in the teeth of his own oath given solemnly to the king at Woodstock? The Bishop of London, in a letter to Becket, charged him with having directly intended to commit perjury.* The first object of the Northampton council was to inquire into his conduct, and he had good reason to be alarmed at the probable consequences. He dared not, however, disobey a peremptory summons. He came, attended by a large force of armed knights, and was entertained at the monastery of St. Andrews. To anticipate inquiry into his attempted flight, he applied for permission on the day of his arrival to go to France to visit the pope. The king told him that he could not leave the realm until he had answered for a decree which had been given in his court. The case was referred to the assembled peers, and he was condemned and fined. It was a bad augury for him. Other charges lay thick, ready to be produced. He was informed officially that he would be required to explain the chancery accounts, and answer for the money which he had applied to his own purposes. His proud temper was chafed to the quick, and he turned sick with anger.† His admirers see only in these demands the sinister action of a dishonest tyranny. Oblique accusations, it is said, were raised against him, either to make him bend or to destroy his character. The question is rather whether his conduct admitted of explanation. If he had been unjust as a judge, if he had been unscrupulous as a high officer of state, such faults had no unimportant bearing on his present attitude. He would have done wisely to clear himself if he could; it is probable that he could not. He refused to answer, and he sheltered himself behind the release which he had received at his election. His refusal was not allowed; a second summons the next day found him in his bed, which he said

that he was too ill to leave. This was on a Saturday. A respite was allowed him till the following Monday. On Monday the answer was the same. Messenger after messenger brought back word that the archbishop was unable to move. The excuse might be true — perhaps partially it was true. The king sent two great peers to ascertain, and in his choice of persons he gave a conclusive answer to the accusation of desiring to deal unfairly with Becket; one was Reginald, Earl of Cornwall, the king's uncle, who as long as Becket lived was the best friend that he had at the court; the other was the remarkable Robert, Earl of Leicester, named Bossu (the hunchback). This Robert was a monk of Leicester Abbey, though he had a dispensation to remain at the court, and so bitter a Papist was he that when the schismatic Archbishop of Cologne came afterwards to London he publicly insulted him and tore down the altar at which he had said mass. Such envoys would not have been selected with a sinister purpose. They found that the archbishop could attend if he wished, and they warned him of the danger of trying the king too far. He pleaded for one more day. On the Tuesday morning he undertook to be present.

His knights, whose first allegiance was to the crown, had withdrawn from the monastery, not daring or not choosing to stand by a prelate who appeared to be defying his sovereign. Their place had been taken by a swarm of mendicants, such as the archbishop had gathered about him at Canterbury. He prepared for the scene in which he was to play a part with the art of which he was so accomplished a master. He professed to expect to be killed. He rose early. Some of the bishops came to see and remonstrate with him: they could not move his resolution, and they retired. Left to himself, he said the mass of St. Stephen in which were the words: "The kings of the earth stood up, and the rulers took counsel together against the Lord and against his anointed." He then put on a black stole and cap, mounted his palfrey, and, followed by a few monks and surrounded by his guard of beggars, rode at a foot's pace to the castle, preceded by his cross-bearer.

The royal castle of Northampton was a feudal palace of the usual form. A massive gateway led into a quadrangle; across the quadrangle was the entrance of the great hall, and at the upper end of the hall doors opened into spacious chambers beyond. The archbishop alighted at the gate, himself took his cross in his right

* Foliot says that at Clarendon Becket said to the bishops, "It is the Lord's will I should perjure myself. For the present I submit and incur perjury, to repent of it, however, as I best may." (Giles, vol. i., p. 381.) Foliot was reminding Becket of what passed on that occasion.

† "Propter iram et indignationem quam in animo conceperat decidit in gravem aegritudinem." — Hoveden, vol. i., p. 225.

hand, and, followed by a small train, passed through the quadrangle, and passed up the hall, "looking like the lion-man of the prophet's vision."* The king and the barons were in one chamber, the bishops in another. The archbishop was going in this attitude into the king's presence, that the court might see the person on whom they dared to sit in judgment; but certain "Templars" warned him to beware. He entered among his brethren, and moved through them to a chair at the upper end of the room.

He still held his cross. The action was unusual; the cross was the spiritual sword, and to bear it thus conspicuously in a deliberative assembly was as if a baron had entered the council in arms. The mass of St. Stephen had been heard of, and in the peculiar temper of men's minds was regarded as a magical incantation.† The Bishop of Hereford advanced and offered to carry the cross for him. Foliot, Bishop of London (*filius hujus sæculi*, "a son of this world"), said that if he came thus armed into the court the king would draw a sharper sword, and he would see then what his arms would avail him. Seeing him still obstinate, Foliot tried to force the cross out of his hands. The Archbishop of York added his persuasions; but the Archbishop of York peculiarly irritated Becket, and was silenced by a violent answer. "Fool thou hast ever been," said the Bishop of London, "and from thy folly I see plainly thou wilt not depart." Cries burst out on all sides. "Fly!" some one whispered in the archbishop's ear; "fly, or you are a dead man." The Bishop of Exeter came in at the moment, and exclaimed that unless the archbishop gave way they would all be murdered. Becket never showed to more advantage than in moments of personal danger. To the Bishop of Exeter he gave a sharp answer, telling him that he savored not the things of God. But he collected himself. He saw that he was alone. He stood up, he appealed to the pope, charged the bishops on peril of their souls to excommunicate any one who dared to lay hands on him, and moved as if he intended to withdraw. The Bishop of Winchester bade him resign the archbishopric. With an elaborate oath (*cum interminabili juratione*) he swore that he would not resign.

* "Assumens faciem hominis, faciem leonis, prophetis illis animalibus a prophetis descriptis simillimus." — Herbert of Bosham.

† It was said to have been done *per artem magicam et in contemptu regis*. (Hoveden.) He had the eucharist concealed under his dress.

The Bishop of Chichester then said: "As our primate we were bound to obey you, but you are our primate no longer; you have broken your oath. You swore allegiance to the king, and you subvert the common law of the realm. We too appeal to the pope. To his presence we summon you." "I hear what you say," was all the answer which Becket deigned to return.

The doors from the adjoining chamber were now flung open. The old Earl of Cornwall, the hunchback Leicester, and a number of barons entered. "My lord," said the Earl of Leicester to the archbishop, "the king requires you to come to his presence and answer to certain things which will then be alleged against you, as you promised yesterday to do." "My lord earl," said Becket, "thou knowest how long and loyally I served the king in his worldly affairs. For that cause it pleased him to promote me to the office which now I hold. I did not desire this office; I knew my infirmities. When I consented it was for the sake of the king alone. When I was elected I was formally acquitted of my responsibilities for all that I had done as chancellor. Therefore I am not bound to answer, and I will not answer."

The earls carried back the reply. The peers by a swift vote declared that the archbishop must be arrested and placed under guard.

The earls re-entered, and Leicester approached him and began slowly and reluctantly to announce the sentence. "Nay," said Becket, lifting his tall, meagre figure to its haughtiest height, "do thou first listen to me. The child may not judge his father. The king may not judge me, nor may you judge me. I will be judged under God by the pope alone, to whom in your presence I appeal. I forbid you under anathema to pronounce your sentence. And you, my brethren," he said, turning to the bishops, "since you will obey man rather than God, I call you too before the same judgment-seat. Under the protection of the Apostolic See, I depart hence."

No hand was raised to stop him. He swept through the chamber and flung open the door of the hall. He stumbled on the threshold, and had almost fallen, but recovered himself. The October evening was growing into twilight. The hall was thronged with the retainers of the king and the barons. Dinner was over. The floor was littered with rushes and fragments of rolls and broken meat. Draughts of ale had not been wanting, and young knights, pages, and retainers were either lounging

on the benches or talking in eager and excited groups. As Becket appeared among them, fierce voices were heard crying "Traitor! traitor! Stop the traitor!" Among the loudest were Count Hamelin, the king's illegitimate brother, and Sir Ranulf de Broc, one of the Canterbury knights. Like a bold animal at bay, Becket turned sharply on these two. He called Count Hamelin a bastard boy. He reminded De Broc of some near kinsman of his who had been hanged. The cries rose into a roar; sticks and knots of straw were flung at him. Another rash word, and he might have been torn in pieces. Some high official hearing the noise came in and conducted him safely to the door.

In the quadrangle he found his servants waiting with his palfrey. The great gate was locked, but the key was hanging on the wall; one of them took it and opened the gate, the porters looking on, but not interfering. Once outside he was received with a cheer of delight from the crowd, and with a mob of people about him he made his way back to the monastery. The king had not intended to arrest him, but he could not know it, and he was undoubtedly in danger from one or other of the angry men with whom the town was crowded. He prepared for immediate flight. A bed was made for him in the chapel behind the altar. After a hasty supper with a party of beggars whom he had introduced into the house, he lay down for a few hours of rest. At two in the morning, in a storm of wind and rain, he stole away disguised with two of the brethren. He reached Lincoln soon after daybreak, and from Lincoln, going by cross paths, and slipping from hiding-place to hiding-place, he made his way in a fortnight to a farm of his own at Eastry, near Sandwich. He was not pursued. It was no sooner known that he was gone from Northampton than a proclamation was sent through the country forbidding every man under pain of death to meddle with him. The king had determined to allow the appeal, and once more to place the whole question in the pope's hands. The Earl of Arundel with a dozen peers and bishops was despatched at once to Sens to explain what had happened, and to request Alexander to send legates to England to investigate the quarrel and to end it. The archbishop, could he have consented to be quiet, might have remained unmolested at Canterbury till the result could be ascertained. But he knew too well the forces which would be at work in the papal court to wait for its verdict.

His confidence was only in himself. Could he see the pope in person, he thought that he could influence him. He was sure of the friendship of Lewis of France, who was meditating a fresh quarrel with Henry, and would welcome his support. His own spiritual weapons would be as effective across the Channel as if used in England, while he would himself be in personal security. One dark night he went down with his two companions into Sandwich, and in an open boat crossed safely to Gravelines. At St. Omer he fell in with his old friend Chief Justice de Luci, who was returning from a mission to the court of France. De Luci urged him to return to England and wait for the pope's decision, warning him of the consequences of persisting in a course which was really treasonable, and undertaking that the king would forgive him if he would go back at once. Entreaties and warnings were alike thrown away. He remained and despatched a letter to the pope saying briefly that he had followed the example of his Holiness in resisting the encroachments of princes, and had fled from his country. He had been called to answer before the king as if he had been a mere layman. The bishops, who ought to have stood by him, had behaved like cowards. If he was not sustained by his Holiness, the Church would be ruined, and he would himself be doubly confounded. J. A. FROUDE.

From The Examiner.
GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.
AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHANTOM," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LAST LOOK.

ALL around us the great unbroken circle of the sea—overhead the paler color of the morning sky—and this huge floating palace of forty-five hundred tons crashing its way through the rolling waves of a heavy ground-swell—that was what we found when we stepped out on to the white and sunlit deck.

"What cheer, Madame Columbus? And how goes the log?" cried the lieutenant, making his appearance at the top of the companion-way.

Madame Columbus had been up sometimes—in order to make sure of her bath—and was now engaged in private conversation with Lady Sylvia.

"We are a point west by north of Ben Nevis," she answered, promptly, "but the Irish coast is not yet in sight."

The latter half of her statement was true, anyhow; there was not even the faint cloud of an island visible all around the dark blue horizon. And so we set out on our march up and down the deck which had been strictly enjoined upon us by our admiral-in-chief, but which was occasionally interfered with by a lurch that sent this or that couple flying towards the hand-rail. And we were all full of our new experiences; of the strange sensation of plunging through the night at this terrible speed; of the remarkable ease with which articles could be taken out of port-manteaus; and of the absolute impossibility of getting them put in again, so as to secure something like order in our respective cabins. It was a brilliant morning, with a fresh and delightful breeze; but so blue was the sky, and so blue was the sea, that the eyes, becoming accustomed to this intense blue, saw everything on board the ship as of a glowing brown or red, while the human faces we looked at in passing were simply a blaze of crimson. Then we went below to breakfast; and instituted a sort of formal acquaintance with two or three folks who had been, the previous evening at dinner, absolute strangers to us.

That forenoon, as we sat on deck with our books which were seldom looked at, we could not understand why Queen T. was so fiercely-opposed to our going ashore at Queenstown for an hour or two. As the pale line of coast now visible on the horizon came nearer and more near, she seemed to regard both Ireland and the Irish with great disfavor, though we knew very well that ordinarily she had a quite remarkable affection for both.

"What is Queenstown?" said she. "A squalid little place, with beggars and tradespeople that prey on the ignorance of Americans. They give you baskets of fruit with brown paper filling up half. They charge you——"

"Why, you have never been there in your life!" exclaimed Bell, with staring eyes.

"But I know all the same!" was the retort. "Haven't Americans told me again and again of their first experiences of Irish hospitality? And what is the use of being at all that trouble of going ashore, to look at a miserable little town!"

"Madame," said the lieutenant, with a loud laugh, "I do think you are afraid we

will not come back, if we once are on the land. Do you think we will run away? And the company——will they give us back our passage-money?"

She relapsed into a proud and indignant silence; we knew not how Queenstown had managed so grievously to offend her.

And now we drew near the point at which we were to bid a real farewell to our native land; and as we slowly glided into the broad, bright bay, Queenstown gave us an Irish welcome of laughter shining through tears, of sunlight struggling through fleecy clouds of rain, and lighting up the beautiful green shores. There was a beautiful green, too, in the water of the bay, which was rippled over by a light westerly breeze. Well, we remained on board after all. We were informed by our admiral-in-chief that now, when the ship was almost empty and certainly still, was an excellent opportunity for setting our cabins to rights, and putting away everything we should not require on the voyage. What was there to see by remaining on deck? A quiet bay, a green shore, and some white houses—that was all. Those of us who rebelled, and insisted on remaining on deck, she treated with silent scorn. She was successful, at least, in carrying Lady Sylvia with her below.

And yet it must be confessed that we were all of us glad to get away from Queenstown. We wished to feel that we had really started. Wasting time in waiting for mails is not an exciting occupation, at Queenstown or elsewhere. When, therefore, the tender came out from the shore, and discharged her human and other cargo, and when the order was given to let go the gangway, we were glad enough. All of us, perhaps, except one; for what meant that slight exclamation—and the inadvertent step forward—as this last means of communication was withdrawn? But there was a friendly hand on her arm. The child looked on in mute despair, as the great vessel began to move through the water. There was a good deal of cheering as we now and finally set out on our voyage; she did not seem to hear it.

And now we were out on the Atlantic—the land gradually receding from sight—the great ship forging ahead at full speed through the rushing waves—the golden glory of the afternoon shining on her tall masts. They were getting out some sail, too; and as the string of men were hauling up the heavy gaff of the

mizen-trysail, one tall fellow, the leader of the choir, was singing so that all could hear,—

Oh, it's Union Square as I chanced for to pass,
Yo, heave, ho!

Oh, it's there I met a bonnie young lass:

while the idiotic refrain—

Give a man time to roll a man down—

sounded musically enough with its accompaniment of flapping canvas and rushing waves. And there were rope-quoits got out, too; and the more energetic shovel-board; while those who scorned such vain delights were briskly promenading the deck with an eye to dinner. And then at dinner, the sudden cry that made everyone start up from the table and crowd round the nearest port-hole to look out on that extraordinary sunset—the sea a plain of dark and rich purple, almost hard in its outline against the sky—the sky a pure, dazzling breadth of green, a sort of olive green, but so dazzling and clear that it burnt itself into the memory, and will forever remain there—with a few lines of still more lambent gold barred across the west. That fire of color had blinded all eyes. When we returned to our seats, we could scarcely see each other.

"What a beautiful night we shall have!" said Lady Sylvia, who was doing her best to be very brave and cheerful—because, you see, it was our common duty, she considered, to cheer up the spirits of the young mother who had left her two children behind her—"and what a pity it is, my dear Mrs. Von Rosen, that you did not bring your guitar with you! Half of the charm of the voyage will be lost. And you know it will be moonlight to-night—you might have sung to us."

"I am like Mrs. S——'s little girl," said our Bell, "whom they used to bother so before visitors. She said one day, in the most pathetic voice, 'I wish I didn't know no songs; and then I shouldn't have to sing none.' But the guitar has been put away for a long time now. That belonged to the days of romance. Do you know any Scotch songs, Lady Sylvia? I have gone mad about them lately."

"I believe it was once remarked of you, Bell," says one of us, "that your heart was like a magnetized needle, always turning towards the north. But what we want to know is where you are going to stop. Cumberland ballads used to be enough for you; then you got to the Borders; then to the Lowlands, and now you are doubtless

among the clans. Does anybody know if there are stirring tunes in Iceland; or any *Volkslieder* to be picked up about the North Pole? Nevertheless we will take what you like to give us. We will pardon the absence of the guitar. When the moon comes out, we will take up the rugs on deck, and get into a nice shadowy corner, and—what is that about *Above*—*Below*—*All's well*?"

"We are indeed well off," says our grave monitress, "that we have nothing to think about but moonlight and singing. What I am thankful for is that the clear night will lessen the chances of our running down any unfortunate small vessel. Ah! you don't know, Lady Sylvia, how often that happens—and nobody ever hears of it—a huge ship like this would simply cut down one of these smaller vessels to the water's edge and go clean over her. And of course the greatest danger of our doing so is near land. Think of the poor men, after being months at sea perhaps, and within a day or so of meeting their wives and families again, finding this huge monster crashing down on them. I tremble when I hear people speak of the vessels anchored on the Newfoundland Banks, and the fogs there, and the great steamers going on through the night. A collision is nothing to us—I suppose we should scarcely feel any shock at all; but it is certain death to the unhappy wretches who are out there at the fishing. Well, it is part of the risk of their calling. They have to support their families somehow; and I suppose their wives know each time they leave the land that they may never be heard of again. I wonder whether these poor men ever think that they are hardly used in life. No doubt they would prefer to belong to a fine club; and their wives would like to drive about in carriages. But I suppose they have their compensations. The home-coming must be pleasant enough."

"But do we go right on through a fog, all the same?" asked our Bell in some alarm.

"At a reduced speed, certainly; and people say that the booming of the fog-horn at night is one of the most horrid sounds in the world."

"You never thought of that danger, Lady Sylvia," said Bell, with a smile, "when your—when Mr. Balfour and you used to speak of going round the world in a steam-yacht. By the way, I suppose that steam-yacht that came out with us has got back to Queenstown by this time."

Queen T. glanced quickly and nervously at her.

"I hope so," said Lady Sylvia. "It was very friendly of the people to escort us a bit on our way. I suppose they knew some one on board. But I did not see anyone waving a good-bye to them when they left."

"Oh," said Queen T., carelessly, "I have no doubt they only came out for a run."

When we went on deck we found the last glow of the twilight fading out of the north-western skies. We were all alone on the moving world of waters—the huge metallic-hued waves breaking over in masses of white foam that were clearly visible in the semi-darkness. But by this time we had grown so accustomed to the monotonous sound of the rushing waves that it was almost the equivalent of silence; so that any other sound—the striking of the bells every half-hour in the steering-room, for example, and the repetition by the man at the look-out—was startlingly clear and distinct. We got our chairs brought together, and the shawls spread out; and formed a little group by ourselves, whose talking, if we were so inclined, could not well be overheard. But there was not much talking, somehow. Perhaps that monotonous rushing of the water had a drowsy effect. Perhaps we were trying to find out the names of the pale, clear stars overhead, far beyond the tall masts that kept swaying this way and that as the vessel rose and fell on the long waves. Or were we wondering whether the man at the look-out, whose form was dusky visible against the clear, dark sky, could make out some small and distant speck—some faint glimmer of a light, perhaps—to tell us that we were not quite alone in this awful world of waters?

Then the stars grew paler; for a new glory began to fill the lambent skies, and the white deck began to show black shadows that moved on the silvery surface as the ship rose to the waves.

"Do you remember that moonlight night at Grasmere?" says Queen T. to her friend. "And won't you sing us 'The Flowers of the Forest'?"

It was quite another song that she sang—in a low voice that mingled curiously with the monotonous, melancholy rush of the waves. It was about the bonnie young Flora who "sat sighing her lane; the dew on her plaid an' the tear in her e'e."

Why should she have picked out this ballad of evil omen for our very first night on the Atlantic?—

She looked at a boat wi' the breezes that swung, Away on the wave, like a bird of the main;
An' aye as it lessened she sighed and she sung
"Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again."

Perhaps her conscience smote her. Perhaps she thought it was hardly fair to suggest to this poor young thing who was thrown on our care that the cruel parting she had just undergone was a final one. At all events, as she began to sing this other song, it seemed to some of us that she was taking a clear leap across a long interval of time, and imagining herself somehow as already returning to English shores. For she sang,—

Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers!

How your dread howling a lover alarms!

Wauken, ye breezes; row gently, ye billows;
And wait my dear laddie ance mair to my arms!

But oh! if he's faithless and minds na his Nannie,

Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

Perhaps it was only our idle fancy, on this beautiful and pensive night, that coupled Bell's selections with the fortunes of our guest, but all the same one of us—who is always tenderly thoughtful in such small matters—suddenly called out,—

"Come, Bell, we shall have no more sad songs. Who was it that used to sing 'The Braes o' Mar' with a flushed face as if all the clans from John O'Groat's to Airlie were marshalling under her leadership?"

Bell is an obliging person. She sang that song, and many another; and there was an attempt at a modest duet or two; while the ceaseless roar of the waves went on, and we watched the moonlight quiver and gleam on the hurrying waters.

"Oh, my dear," says Queen T., putting her hand on the head of her old friend and companion, who was nestled at her feet, "this is not at all like crossing the Channel, is it?"

"Not much," says Bell. "I am already convinced that my ancestors were Vikings."

Nor was it at all like crossing the Channel when we went below for the night—passing the great ruddy saloon, with its golden lamps and hushed repose—and sought out the privacy of our quiet and neat little cabins. But here an act of retributive justice had to be administered. There were two people standing alone in one of these cabins, amid a wild confusion of slippers, dressing-bags, and clothes—

brushes. Says the one to the other, sternly, —

"What did you mean by that suspicious glance when the steam-yacht was mentioned?"

"What steam-yacht?" says she innocently; but in the dusky light of the lamp her face is seen to flush.

"You know very well."

Here her fingers become somewhat nervous; and a piteous and guilty look comes into the eyes.

"Do you mean to deny that Balfour was in that boat; that you knew that he was to be in it; and that you dared to keep the knowledge from his wife?"

"And if he was," says she, with her lips beginning to quiver, "how could I tell her? It would have driven the poor thing mad with pain. How could I tell her?"

"I believe you have a heart as hard as the nether millstone."

And perhaps she had; but it was certainly not her own sorrows that were making her tears run down her face, as she pretended to be busy over a portmanteau.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

DRESDEN CHINA AND ITS MANUFACTORY AT MEISSEN, SAXONY.

To most people the very name of "Dresden china" has a magical charm; and though "old Dresden" is supposed by some people to be priceless and the thing to have, while "modern Dresden" is held to be of small account, we confess we were delighted to find that the manufactory at Meissen, where all Dresden china is made, was only one hour by rail from Dresden, where we were; that it was the easiest thing in the world to go and see it; and that an enthusiastic German friend—a connoisseur in china—was not only willing but charmed to accompany us.

The town of Meissen is a quaint, but not very interesting, old town built on a hill, with a castle and cathedral joined together at its summit: and as the train arrived at Meissen at twelve, and we were advised to be at the manufactory at two (when the workmen resume work after dinner), we spent the intervening time, first in eating a very indifferent and greasy luncheon under the shade of some oleaners in front of the best hotel, and then, in climbing an exceedingly steep street, and in going to the cathedral and castle.

Both buildings are extremely plain, and have no pretensions of any kind to their

names. The castle, dark, and old, with endless storeys and innumerable windows, gained a certain liveliness of appearance from being used as a barrack; and as the day was hot, every window was filled with lounging, smoking little Saxon soldiers evidently enjoying themselves.

The cathedral consists of one aisle; its one picture was being "restored;" but on either side of the altar were some very coarsely painted plaster figures representing Saxon sovereigns, with gilt crowns, and what, it must be confessed, appeared to us a very diabolical grin on their red faces.

We asked for the recess where the flames of purgatory are said to be heard, and putting in our heads we heard a peculiar and melancholy noise, made by the wind. One could quite understand a little imagination and ignorance converting this sound into the roaring of flames. Our guide said, very gravely, that when the wind was high the noise was "truly terrifying."

From the platform outside, the view is very extensive and pretty, with the Elbe winding along as far as the eye could see: in one direction the blue hills of Saxon Switzerland broke the line of the horizon, and the flat and uninteresting country between Meissen and Dresden gained all that enchantment which distance is supposed to lend.

Two o'clock found us in a suburb of Meissen, and in front of the large and substantial building which is the manufactory, and which looks much more like an overgrown German country-house. There is a great deal of building behind it, and it covers altogether a large space of ground.

On entering we went into the huge show-rooms down-stairs to wait for the guide, for whose services we each paid one mark (about one shilling).

These rooms contained an enormous amount of china of every description. From floor to ceiling, shelves, tables, and wide counters (not to speak of the floor itself) were loaded with articles, from the most fragile and costly teacups to huge animals; and ranging in price from small salt-spoons price sixpence, to vases and candelabras valued at many hundred pounds. Judging from what we saw, his Majesty of Saxony must find china pay. Our guide arrived, and we went with him first through the buildings on the ground-floor to see everything from the beginning. The clay from which the china derives its fineness and delicacy is found about an hour's journey from Meissen. When it

arrives it is sifted and pulverized several times till nothing but the finest and purest part remains; in this state it looks like very fine flour with a slightly yellow tinge. It is then mixed with *feldspatz* (a kind of flint)—which is ground to powder—gypsum, and water, made into huge balls, and kept in zinc-lined boxes, to be served out as occasion requires.

There was nothing in the moulding of the commoner forms, or in the whirling of plates and bowls, etc., in any way differing from the ordinary method pursued in every china manufactory in this country, and this is therefore not worth describing. In a very long gallery—round two sides of a square, and into which opened the various work-rooms—we saw the most extraordinary collection of moulds,—bodies guiltless of heads, legs, or arms; right legs, left legs, with and without shoes; birds, animals, and fishes,—ready to be filled at will.

In a large and well-lighted room sat a perfect army of workmen, to whom the contents of these moulds were given, after one baking, and while the clay is still plastic. Taking a body, they joined arms and legs and head with inconceivable rapidity; passing a camel's-hair brush dipped in water to make the members stick on. With small agate tools each began to bring these moulded figures to perfection. The workman gave the eyes expression; he deepened an eyelid, softened the cheek, rounded an arm, marked the finger-nails, patted it on one side, then on the other, till it stood before us a shepherdess complete. Nothing was more marvellous than the gentleness and dexterity with which the fragile thing was handled, and the wonderful quickness with which he manipulated each smallest detail.

Next to this room in point of interest was the one where the raised fruits and flowers are made and arranged on each vase or jug or basket.

There is no moulding here. The most delicate leaves are rolled at the point of the accomplished fingers; leaf is added to leaf, every bit of the smallest rose is curled, patted into shape, and stuck into its place, till it grows before you into a perfect rose. The tiniest petal of each diminutive forget-me-not is made by itself and put in its place by the aid of daintily-held pincers, that might belong to fairyland. The miniature flowers on the lap of a dancing-girl are all made in the same way: and seeing the time taken, and the care required, it made one understand why "raised china" cost so much.

The perforated edges of plates and baskets are marked in the moulds, and cut out with a penknife afterwards, then carefully rounded and smoothed by the inevitable agate tools. Indeed in all cases the mould gives the forms very roughly, and much more skilled labor is required than we had imagined—eight hundred and fifty people being the regular staff, which does not include artists, sometimes specially engaged to undertake the painting of particular orders.

When the china is ready, it is taken to be baked again, then glazed, then painted, then baked again, in some cases being baked no less than six times, and breaking to pieces in the sixth baking. These accidents, however, are much less frequent than formerly, as the degree and distribution of heat are all much better understood now.

The ovens are built in circular chambers, and we stood in the centre of one, finding the heat less than we had expected. All round were recesses, in which trays of lovely china were placed; and in the lower, and, as we supposed, the hottest ovens, moulds (looking in their closed form exactly like so many Stilton cheeses of all sizes) were deposited.

The apparently careless way in which the workmen moved about with tray-loads of exquisite china made one a little breathless—no baker's boy with a batch of rolls, could have looked less anxious than they did; but we were assured that an accident hardly ever occurs; and the china after one baking is so brittle, that on my admiring a basket, and wishing in my ignorance to buy one, the superintendent, with a smile of superiority, put it into my hands where it crumbled to bits immediately.

The only part of the manufacture they would not explain thoroughly was the glazing-tub, into which everything is dipped; and our German friend said that some improvement in this glaze or enamel is thought to be a secret.

When the glaze is hard, the china is taken to the various painting-rooms; and as most people in these days know, the colors then are but dingy and often false, to their after-appearance, the gold, which is a dull dark brown on going into the oven, comes out looking much the same, and the china is then taken to the burnishing-room, where a great many women and girls sit with agate tools of various shapes, and quick friction turns this dark and dusky brown to gold that glitters. In the room devoted to the finest painting; we were introduced to an old Frenchman,

with two pairs of spectacles on. He was celebrated for his child-figures, and was painting groups in the centres of a set of dessert-plates, ordered by one of the Imperial family of Prussia. Children guiltless of clothes were swimming, bathing, making flower-wreaths, riding goats, catching butterflies, etc. Each group was different, and the grace and beauty of the figures were perfectly wonderful. He had painted there for years, but had never learned German; he had never tried, he said, with a little shrug. He also told us he seldom painted flowers. "Any one can do that," he said, with a fine sense of his own unrivalled talent; but looking at the flowers, we could not agree with him. It is not given to "any one" to paint such flowers.

The blue and white china, called *par excellence* "Meissen china," is of course also made here. The difference between it and Dresden china consists in its being painted in cobalt *before* it is glazed, and it is not baked so often.

Besides the reproduction of beautiful old shapes in the finest clay, this Meissen china is made more coarsely and strongly in commoner shapes, when it is much cheaper and very strong. It is also hand-painted, but is very quickly done, by means of a perforated paper laid over plate or cup, when powdered cobalt is shaken over it, out of a thing exactly like a small pepper-box. This leaves the pattern marked, and lads, with a fine brush and a little water, stipple in the color. It is then baked and glazed. Some of the old shapes with perforated edges were quite beautiful.

When the china is examined by the superintendent, and he considers it perfect, he affixes on every piece the well-known crossed swords before the last baking. Every bit with the slightest imperfection in pattern, shape, or transparency, is marked imperfect, and sold for less than half-price either at the manufactory, or, more frequently, at a small shop in Dresden near the Frauen Kirche, which goes by the name of "the rejected shop."

This mark of imperfection is simply a small white line drawn through the crossed swords.

The perfect china is finally put on the list, and passes on to the packing-case or to the show-rooms.

There was something, apart from the prettiness of the manufacture, that was very taking. The quantity of light, the great space and cleanliness, the ventilation of all the rooms, and the well-to-do

look of the "hands," gave one a very cheerful impression. The wages were good, half-a-crown a day being the lowest to ordinary hands (young lads and girls), and £3 a week and upwards to those with any particular skill. As in the buildings in Saxony many Italians are employed, so in this factory many Italians sat. The three best flower-makers were Italians; and their long dark hair, flashing eyes, and peculiar slender fingers, formed a strong contrast to the type of their Saxon neighbors.

When at length we drove away, we had the unusual and comfortable feeling of having seen a beautiful art produced under the happiest conditions, instead of having, as is sometimes the case, to pity the work-people, and to regret that hard necessity compels one portion of humanity to injure their constitutions in order to supply the other portion with articles either of use or ornament.

From The New Quarterly Review.
THE PEAK IN DARIEN:

THE RIDDLE OF DEATH.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

It is somewhat singular that the natural longing to penetrate the great secret of mortality should not have suggested to some of the inquirers into so-called "Spiritual" manifestations, that, before attempting to obtain communication with the *dead*, through such poor methods as raps and alphabets, they might more properly, and with better hope of gaining a glimpse through the "gates ajar," watch closely the dying, and study the psychological phenomena which accompany the act of dissolution. Thus, it might be possible to ascertain by comparison of numerous instances, whether among those phenomena are any which seem to indicate that the Mind, Soul, or Self, of the expiring person is not undergoing a process of extinction, but exhibiting such tokens as might be anticipated were it entering upon a new phase of existence, and coming into possession of fresh faculties. It is at least conceivable that some such indications might be observed, were we to look for them with care and caution, under the rare conditions wherein they could at any time be afforded; and if this should prove to be the fact, it is needless to dilate on the intense interest of even such semblance of confirmation of our hopes. Of

course, to regard anything which could be so noticed as anything *more*, or as if it could constitute an argument for belief in a future life, would be foolish in the extreme, seeing the great obscurity and the evanescent nature of all such phenomena. Our faith in immortality must be built on altogether different ground, if it is to be of any value as a part of our religion, or of our philosophy. But, assuming that we are individually already convinced that the quasi-universal creed of the human race is not erroneous, and that "the soul of a man never dies," we may not unreasonably turn to the solemn scene of dissolution, and ask, Whether there does not sometimes occur, under one or two perhaps of its hundred forms, some incidents which point in the direction of the great Fact, which we believe to be actually in process of realization? According to our common conviction, there is a moment of time, when the Man whom we have known in his garb of flesh, casts it aside, actually, so to speak, before our eyes, and "this mortal puts on immortality." As in Blanco White's beautiful sonnet he is, like Adam, watching his first sunset, and trembling to lose sight of the world, and the question to be solved is, Whether darkness has enshrouded him, or whether

Hesperus with the hosts of Heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened in his view?

and he may have asked himself, —

Who would have thought such darkness lay
concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun? or deemed,
While flower, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us
blind?

and Life, like Light, had been only a deception and a veil.

We have walked in company with our brother, perchance for years, through the "wilderness of this world," over its arid plains of toil, and through its sweet valleys of love and pleasure; and then we have begun to climb the awful Andes which have always loomed before us at our journey's end, their summits against the sky, and beyond them — the Undiscovered Land. Onward, a little before us, as chance may decide, our companion perhaps mounts the last acclivity, and we see him slowly approach the mountain's crown, while our lagging steps yet linger on the slopes below. Sometimes, ere he reach the hilltop, he is enveloped in cloud, and then we see him no more; but again,

sometimes, he remains in the full sunlight, and, though distant from us, and beyond the reach of our voice, it is yet possible for us to watch his attitude and motions. Now we see him nearing the summit. A few steps more, and there must break on his vision whatever there may be of the unknown World beyond — a howling wilderness, or a great Pacific of joy. Does he seem, as that view bursts on him — whatsoever it may be — does he seem to be inspired with hope, or cast down with despair? Do his arms drop in consternation, or does he lift them aloft with one glad gesture of rapture, ere he descend the further slope, and is lost to our sight forever?

It appears to me that we may, though with much diffidence, answer this question as regards some of our comrades in life's journey, who have gone before us, and of whom the last glimpse has been one full of strange, mysterious, but most joyful promise. Let us inquire into the matter calmly, making due allowance both for natural exaggeration of mourning friends, who recall the most affecting scenes, and also for the probable presence of cerebral disturbance and spectral illusion at the moment of physical dissolution.

Of course, it is quite possible that the natural law of death may be that the departed always sink into a state of unconsciousness, and rather dip beneath a Lethe than leap a Rubicon. It is likewise possible that the faculties of a disembodied soul, whatever they may be, may need time and use, like those of an infant, before they can be practically employed. But there is also at least a *possibility* that consciousness is not always lost, but is continuous through the passage from one life to another, and that it expands, rather than closes, at the moment when the bonds of the flesh are broken, and the man enters into possession of his higher powers and vaster faculties symbolised by the beautiful old emblem of Psyche's emancipated butterfly quitting the shell of the chrysalis.* In this latter case there is a

* There is an insect, the Lunar Sphinx Moth, which exhibits, in its first stage, not only the usual provision for its security while in the helpless chrysalis state, but a singular foresight of its own requirements when it shall have become a winged moth. Having made, by eating its way *upward* through the pith of a willow, an appropriate hiding-place, it finds itself with its head in a position in which, were it to become a moth, it could never push itself down, and escape at the aperture below. The little creature accordingly, before it goes to sleep, laboriously turns round, and places its head near the entrance, where, as a moth, it will make its happy exit into the fields of air. There seems something curiously akin in the unaccountable foresight of this insect, of a state of existence it has never

certain *prima facie* presumption that close observation ought to permit us occasionally to obtain some brief glimpse, some glance, through but of lightning swiftness and evanescence, revealing partially this transcendent change.

In a majority of deaths the accompanying physical conditions hide from the spectators whatever psychological phenomena may be taking place. The sun of our poor human life mostly sets behind an impenetrable cloud. Of all forms of death the commonest seems to be the awful "agony," with its unconscious groans and stertorous breath. The dying person seems to sink lower and lower, as if beneath the waters of an unfathomable sea; a word, a motion, a glance, rising up at longer and longer intervals, till the last slow and distant sighs terminate the woe-lful strife, and the victory of Death is complete. When this is the mode of dissolution it is of course hopeless to look for any indication of the fate of the soul at its exodus; and the same holds good as regards death in extreme old age, or after exhausting disease, when the sufferer very literally "falls asleep." Again, there are deaths which are accompanied by great pain, or delirium, or which are caused by sudden accidents, altogether hiding from our observation the mental condition of the patient. Only in a small residue of cases the bodily conditions are such as to cause neither interference with, nor yet concealment of, the process of calm and peaceful dissolution, in the full light of mental sanity; and it is to these only we can look with any hope of fruitful observation. We ask, Whether in such cases instances have ever been known of occurrences having any significance, taken in connection with the solemn event where-with they are associated? Does our fore-runner on the hilltop show by his looks and actions — since he is too far off to speak to us — that he beholds, from his "Peak in Darien," an Ocean yet hidden from our view?

I should hesitate altogether to affirm positively that such is the case; but, after many inquiries on the subject, I am still more disinclined to assert the contrary. The truth seems to be that in almost every family or circle, questions will elicit recollections of death-bed scenes, wherein, with singular recurrence, appears one very significant incident, namely, that the dying person, precisely at the moment of

experienced, and the vague and dim sentiment of immortality, common to mankind since the days of the cave-dwellers of the Stone Age.

death, and when the power of speech was lost, or nearly lost, seemed to see something — or rather, to speak more exactly, to become conscious of something present (for actual sight is out of question) — of a very striking kind, which remained invisible to and unperceived by the assistants. Again and again this incident is repeated. It is described almost in the same words by persons who have never heard of similar occurrences, and who suppose their own experience to be unique, and have raised no theory upon it, but merely consider it to be "strange," "curious," "affecting," and nothing more. It is invariably explained — that the dying person is lying quietly, when suddenly, in the very act of expiring, he looks up — sometimes starts up in bed — and gazes on (what appears to be) vacancy, with an expression of astonishment, sometimes developing instantly into joy, and sometimes cut short in the first emotion of solemn wonder and awe. If the dying man were to see some utterly unexpected but instantly recognized vision, causing him a great surprise, or rapturous joy, his face could not better reveal the fact. The very instant this phenomenon occurs, death is actually taking place, and the eyes glaze even while they gaze at the unknown sight. If a breath or two still heave the chest, it is obvious that the soul has already departed.

A few narrations of such observations, chosen from a great number which have been communicated to the writer, will serve to show more exactly the point which it is desired should be established by a larger concurrence of testimony. The following are given in the words of a friend on whose accuracy every reliance may be placed: —

"I have heard numberless instances of dying persons showing unmistakably by their gestures, and sometimes by their words, that they saw in the moment of dissolution what could not be seen by those around them. On three occasions facts of this nature came distinctly within my own knowledge, and I will therefore limit myself to a detail of that which I can give on my own authority, although the circumstances were not so striking as many others known to me, which I believe to be equally true.

"I was watching one night beside a poor man dying of consumption; his case was hopeless, but there was no appearance of the end being very near; he was in full possession of his senses, able to talk with a strong voice and not in the least drowsy. He had slept through the day and was so

wakeful! that I had been conversing with him on ordinary subjects to while away the long hours. Suddenly, while we were thus talking quietly together, he became silent, and fixed his eyes on one particular spot in the room, which was entirely vacant, even of furniture; at the same time a look of the greatest delight changed the whole expression of his face, and after a moment of what seemed to be intense scrutiny of some object invisible to me, he said to me in a joyous tone, 'There is Jim.' Jim was a little son whom he had lost the year before, and whom I had known well, but the dying man had a son still living, named John, for whom we had sent, and I concluded it was of John he was speaking, and that he thought he heard him arriving; so I answered,—

"No. John has not been able to come."

"The man turned to me impatiently and said, 'I do not mean John, I know he is not here, it is Jim, my little lame Jim; surely you remember him?'"

"Yes," I said, "I remember dear little Jim who died last year, quite well."

"Don't you see him then? There he is," said the man, pointing to the vacant space on which his eyes were fixed; and when I did not answer, he repeated almost fretfully, 'Don't you see him standing there?'"

"I answered that I could not see him, though I felt perfectly convinced that something was visible to the sick man, which I could not perceive. When I gave him this answer he seemed quite amazed, and turned round to look at me with a glance almost of indignation. As his eyes met mine, I saw that a film seemed to pass over them, the light of intelligence died away, he gave a gentle sigh and expired. He did not live five minutes from the time he first said, 'There is Jim,' although there had been no sign of approaching death previous to that moment."

"The second case was that of a boy about fourteen years of age, dying also of decline. He was a refined, highly educated child, who throughout his long illness had looked forward with much hope and longing to the unknown life to which he believed he was hastening. On a bright summer morning it became evident that he had reached his last hour. He lost the power of speech, chiefly from weakness, but he was perfectly sensible, and made his wishes known to us by his intelligent looks. He was sitting propped up in bed, and had been looking rather sadly at the bright sunshine playing on the trees out-

side his open window for some time. He had turned away from this scene, however, and was facing the end of the room, where there was nothing whatever but a closed door, when all in a moment the whole expression of his face changed to one of the most wondering rapture, which made his half-closed eyes open to their utmost extent, while his lips parted with a smile of perfect ecstasy; it was impossible to doubt that some glorious sight was visible to him, and from the movement of his eyes it was plain that it was not one but many objects on which he gazed, for his look passed slowly from end to end of what seemed to be the vacant wall before him, going back and forward with ever-increasing delight manifested in his whole aspect. His mother then asked him if what he saw was some wonderful sight beyond the confines of this world, to give her a token that it was so, by pressing her hand. He at once took her hand, and pressed it meaningly, giving thereby an intelligent affirmative to her question, though unable to speak. As he did so a change passed over his face, his eyes closed, and in a few minutes he was gone."

"The third case, which was that of my own brother, was very similar to this last. He was an elderly man, dying of a painful disease, but one which never for a moment obscured his faculties. Although it was known to be incurable, he had been told that he might live some months, when somewhat suddenly the summons came on a dark January morning. It had been seen in the course of the night that he was sinking, but for some time he had been perfectly silent and motionless, apparently in a state of stupor; his eyes closed and his breathing scarcely perceptible. As the tardy dawn of the winter morning revealed the rigid features of the countenance from which life and intelligence seemed to have quite departed, those who watched him felt uncertain whether he still lived; but suddenly, while they bent over him to ascertain the truth, he opened his eyes wide, and gazed eagerly upward with such an unmistakable expression of wonder and joy, that a thrill of awe passed through all who witnessed it. His whole face grew bright with a strange gladness, while the eloquent eyes seemed literally to shine as if reflecting some light on which they gazed; he remained in this attitude of delighted surprise for some minutes, then in a moment the eyelids fell, the head drooped forward, and with one long breath the spirit departed."

A different kind of case to those above narrated by my friend was that of a young girl known to me, who had passed through the miserable experiences of a sinful life at Aldershot, and then had tried to drown herself in the river Avon, near Clifton. She was in some way saved from suicide, and placed for a time in a penitentiary; but her health was found to be hopelessly ruined, and she was sent to die in the quaint old workhouse of St. Peter's at Bristol. For many months she lay in the infirmary literally perishing piecemeal of disease, but exhibiting patience and sweetness of disposition quite wonderful to witness. She was only eighteen, poor young creature! when all her little round of error and pain had been run; and her innocent, pretty face might have been that of a child. She never used any sort of cant (so common among women who have been in refuges), but had apparently somehow got hold of a very living and real religion, which gave her comfort and courage, and inspired her with the beautiful spirit with which she bore her frightful sufferings. On the wall opposite her bed there hung by chance a print of the Lost Sheep, and Mary S——, looking at it one day, said to me, "That is just what I was, and what happened to me; but I am being brought safe home now." For a long time before her death, her weakness was such that she was quite incapable of lifting herself up in bed, or of supporting herself when lifted, and she, of course, continued to lie with her head on the pillow while life gradually and painfully ebbed away, and she seemingly became nearly unconscious. In this state she had been left one Saturday night by the nurse in attendance. Early at dawn next morning—an Easter morning, as it chanced—the poor old women who occupied the other beds in the ward were startled from their sleep by seeing Mary S—— suddenly spring up to a sitting posture in her bed, with her arms outstretched and her face raised, as if in a perfect rapture of joy and welcome. The next instant the body of the poor girl fell back a corpse. Her death had taken place in that moment of mysterious ecstasy.

A totally different case again was that of a man of high intellectual distinction, well-known in the world of letters. When dying peacefully, as became the close of a profoundly religious life, and having already lost the power of speech, he was observed suddenly to look up as if at some spectacle invisible to those around, with an expression of solemn surprise and awe,

very characteristic, it is said, of his habitual frame of mind. At that instant, and before the look had time to falter or change, the shadow of death passed over his face, and the end had come.

In yet another case I am told that at the last moment so bright a light seemed suddenly to shine from the face of a dying man, that the clergyman and another friend who were attending him actually turned simultaneously to the window to seek for the cause.

Another incident of a very striking character occurred in a well-known family, one of whose members narrated it to me. A dying lady, exhibiting the aspect of joyful surprise to which we have so often referred, spoke of seeing, one after another, three of her brothers who had long been dead, and then apparently recognized last of all a fourth brother, who was believed by the bystanders to be still living in India. The coupling of his name with that of his dead brothers excited such awe and horror in the mind of one of the persons present, that she rushed half-senseless from the room. In due course of time letters were received announcing the death of the brother in India, which had occurred some time before his dying sister seemed to recognize him.

Again, in another case a gentleman who had lost his only son some years previously, and who had never recovered the afflicting event, exclaimed suddenly when dying, with the air of a man making a most rapturous discovery, "I see him! I see him!"

Not to multiply such anecdotes too far—anecdotes which certainly possess a uniformity pointing to some similar cause, whether that cause be physiological or psychical—I will now conclude with one authenticated by a near relative of the persons concerned. A late well-known bishop was commonly called by his sisters "Charlie," and his eldest sister bore the pet name of "Liz." They had both been dead for some years when their younger sister, Mrs. W——, also died, but before her death appeared to behold them both. While lying still and apparently unconscious she suddenly opened her eyes and looked earnestly across the room, as if she saw some one entering. Presently, as if overjoyed, she exclaimed, "O Charlie!" and then, after a moment's pause, with a new start of delight, as if he had been joined by some one else, she went on, "And Liz!" and then added, "How beautiful you are!" After seeming to gaze at the two beloved forms for a few

minutes, she fell back on her pillow and died.

Instances like these, might, I believe, be almost indefinitely multiplied were attention directed to them, and the experience of survivors more generally communicated and recorded. Reviewing them, the question seems to press upon us, Why should we *not* thus catch a glimpse of the spiritual world through that half-open portal wherein our dying brother is passing? If the soul of man exists at all after the extinction of the life of the body, what is more probable than that it should begin, at the very instant when the veil of the flesh is dropping off, to exercise those spiritual powers of perception, which we must suppose it to possess (else were its whole after life a blank), and to become conscious of other things than those of which our dim senses can take cognizance? If it be not destined to an eternity of solitude (an absurd hypothesis), its future companions may well be recognized at once, even as it goes forth to meet them. It seems indeed almost a thing to be expected, that some of them should be ready waiting to welcome it on the threshold. Is there not, then, a little margin for hope—if not for any confident belief—that our fondest anticipations will be verified, nay, that the actual experience of not a few has verified them? May it not be that when that hour comes for each of us which we have been wont to dread as one of parting and sorrow—

The last long farewell on the shore
Of this rude world,

ere we “put off into the unknown dark,” we may find that we only leave, for a little time, the friends of earth, to go straight to the embrace of those who have long been waiting for us to make perfect for them the nobler life beyond the grave? May it not be that our very first dawning sense of that enfranchised existence will be the rapture of reunion with the beloved ones, whom we have mourned as lost, but who have been standing near, waiting longingly for our recognition, as a mother may watch beside the bed of a fever-stricken child till reason reilluminates its eyes and with outstretched arms it cries, “Mother”?

There are some, alas! to whom it must be very dreadful to think of thus meeting on the threshold of eternity, the wronged, the deceived, the forsaken. But for most of us, God be thanked, no dream of celestial glory has half the ecstasy of the thought that in dying we may meet,—

and *meet at once*, before we have had a moment to feel the awful loneliness of death,—the parent, wife, husband, child, friend of our life, soul of our soul, whom we consigned long ago with breaking hearts to the grave. Their “beautiful” forms (as that dying lady beheld her brother and sister) entering our chamber, standing beside our bed of death, and come to rejoin us forever—what words can tell the happiness of such a vision? It *may* be awaiting us all. There is even, perhaps, a certain probability that it is actually the natural destiny of the human soul, and that the affections, which alone of earthly things can survive dissolution will, like magnets, draw the beloved and loving spirits of the dead around the dying. I can see no reason why we should not indulge so ineffably blessed a hope. But, even if it be a dream, the faith remains, built on no such evanescent and shadowy foundation, that there is One Friend,—and he the best—in whose arms we shall surely fall asleep, and to whose love we may trust for the re-union sooner or later, of the severed links of sacred human affection.

From Chambers' Journal.

UNSUSPECTED WAYS OF EARNING A LIVELIHOOD.

“WHY, sir, we never should wake of our own accord, specially these dark mornings, if we hadn't somebody to knock us up.”

The speaker was a worthy artisan whom I often used to meet at a certain steam-boat pier on the Thames; his after-breakfast labours appearing to begin about the time I usually was in waiting for the boat.

“You see, sir,” he continued in answer to a question I had put to him—“you see, sir, there's about sixty of us hereabouts down by the water-side; and there's so much that depends upon the tide, that we have to be called at all hours—sometimes two o'clock in the morning, or three or four, just as the case may be.”

“But who is it calls you?” I asked.

“A policeman, I suppose?”

“No; not a policeman,” my companion answered; “it would take up a deal too much of his time; besides, fresh policemen are always coming on to the beat, and we could not be bothered with constantly having to shew and tell a new man the way.”

"Well, it must be rather an awkward matter," I observed.

"No; it isn't. We each pay fourpence a week to Phil Larkins; and he wakes us as regular as clockwork."

"But if sixty people want to be called at all sorts of irregular hours, how does the awakener manage to know his duties?" I asked.

"Oh, we chalk on our doors or shutters the time, and that way he knows. Phil is to be depended upon always. But he very nearly lost the work a year ago, and it was a shame. Some fellow wanted to step into his shoes, and morning after morning went and altered the chalkings, so that we were either called two hours before our time, or over-slept ourselves, and so got into trouble. There was no end of quarrels and misunderstandings till the trick was found out. And I think the rascal who did it deserved a ducking—only, you see Phil is such a little fellow he couldn't give it him."

"It was a dastardly trick!" I exclaimed with indignation, bidding the man good-bye.

Another speaking acquaintance of mine was an old man whose duty consisted in sweeping down the steps which were submerged at high-tide, but quite bare at low-water. I had often seen him at work cleansing from mud and silt step by step as the tide receded; and now it occurred to me that from the nature of his occupation he, of all others, must work at the most irregular hours. It was a dull wintry morning, but the old man was working cheerfully at his accustomed task, which, as the water was getting low, was very nearly completed. He was pale and thin, but had that air of decent respectability which happily is often seen in the very humblest classes.

I opened the conversation in true English fashion by a remark on the weather, asking his opinion as to the probability of rain.

"Snow more likely," he answered laconically, but quite civilly.

"I daresay you are right," was my reply, "for I should think you are one of the weather-wise people."

"Ought to be, if there's anything learned in being always twelve hours in the four-and-twenty out of doors all seasons," was the rejoinder.

"Rather hard work for you, my man," I said sympathizingly.

"I don't complain. There's lighter work to be sure, but there's some that's a deal

heavier; and after being at it so many years, may be it comes easier to me than it would to another. I was only fifty-five when I began, and now I'm seventy-three."

"And is it necessary that you should work all the six hours that the tide is ebbing?" I asked, really desiring the information.

"Quite necessary," he replied, descending a step, and plying his broom vigorously as he spoke. "Why, if I did not begin at the beginning and go on regularly, the mud would harden, and I should have to drag up buckets of water to wash the steps with. And gentlefolks want nice clean steps going to the boats."

"I suppose you are glad when your work does not happen to be in the dead of the night?" I observed.

"I don't know that I care. It is the change in the time that makes the variety in the work. And sometimes on fine nights, when the stars are blinking and winking, or the moon floating in the sky, with the clouds rushing along as if every now and then they were washing her face, I think things and feel things as I don't at other times. I think it's a mistake for people always to sleep of nights, I do."

"I suppose you depend on some one to call you up at the turn of the tide?" I said inquiringly.

"No; I don't," replied the old man, with a shake of his head. "I tried that at first, but it didn't answer. I daresay Larkins might do it; but it was before he took to the business of knocking at doors; and the man I trusted to made mistakes or else forgot, and didn't wake me right, and I very nearly lost the place; and ever since I have trusted to myself."

"Then how do you manage?" I said.

"That is just what I don't know, except that it seems to me it is managed for me. I only know that if it is high-water in the deadeast hour of the night, I always do wake. It is just as if something said: 'Look alive; time's up;' and sure enough it always is. I often wonder at it; but I have come to think that wondering is of no more use than wondering at the tides coming up so surely, and the new moons shining just as they are expected, and the stars all keeping their places so safely. O sir, some folks, no doubt, are very learned, but there's a deal more in the world than people can ever make out."

"Do you know, my friend, that you are speaking the thoughts of one of the great-

est of men?" I exclaimed, reflecting on Hamlet's words to Horatio.

"Am I? What did he say?" was the rejoinder.

"He said," I exclaimed, "'There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.'"

"Well, he was right, whoever he was," exclaimed the old man, with a sort of innocent satisfaction at his own corroboration of a great man's words. "And what's more, I think the world would be a worse place than it is if we had nothing left to wonder at."

"I heartily agree with you," was my reply.

"And there's more to wonder at than even the stars and the tides," continued the sweeper, "and that's the ways of men, the good and the bad that's in the most of us. But then I do think we river-side people see more than others, what with the partings and meetings going on; and now and again the dead bodies that come to shore, and sometimes the miserable despairing people who would drown themselves if they weren't hindered. Well, it's these things that set me wondering and thinking, and that make the working hours pass quickly, especially at night."

"You seem a bit of a philosopher," I said admiringly.

"What's that?" cried the old man.

"It means lover of wisdom," I replied; "and he is happy who can justly lay claim to the title. My friend, we must have another talk another day."

"Well, sir, you'll always find me here according to the tide; leastways unless I am ill again, as I was last year."

"How was that?" I asked.

"Well, I don't quite know myself," the old man answered, "for I don't remember much about it. When they found the steps neglected, some of the wharf people came to look after me, and then they took me off to the hospital, where I was for a matter of six weeks. You see, sir, since my poor old missus died I am all alone, for my grandson went to sea; his father is a soldier; and my daughter has been in service these thirty years; so I had no one to go for a doctor or give me a drink of water."

"Oh, that was very sad," I exclaimed.

"Well, it was rather hard lines; but you see no one knew how I was taken; and when they found me, folks were mighty good to me, and they gave me back my place when I got well; so I ought not to complain."

The boat by which I travel was now nearing the pier, and I stepped on board, with a friendly nod to the old man, reflecting with some sympathy on the many such stories which doubtless, if we knew them, would serve to swell

The short and simple annals of the poor.

From The Globe.

FAMOUS ENGLISH PRINTERS.

THE better title would be "Famous Printers of English," for many of Caxton's successors were foreigners. And, perhaps, this may account for Caxton's own persistency in announcing his nationality. He learned his art abroad, and when he died it was chiefly foreign craftsmen who took it up and perpetuated it. And thus we get German, Norman, and Belgian names on the title-pages of the old volumes. In these early books the printer comes before us as an artist, and not as a craftsman. His work is often more interesting than his author. He became, in effect, a patron of literature. He had to make a good and wise selection, for the printing of a volume was no trifling investment. Thus printer and author go side by side, as publisher and author have gone in later days. Caxton and Chaucer are associated as indissolubly as Scott and Constable or Byron and Murray. Most of these old books were what we should call standard, and many of them were law books. Thus, William of Machlinia is chiefly known as the printer of the first edition of "Littleton's Tenures." It is a small folio volume, printed in a coarse Gothic letter, without a date, but issued from their office, known to have been near All Hallows Church.

But the most eminent of Caxton's successors was Wynkyn de Worde. He was probably an apprentice, certainly an assistant, of our English printer, worked with him at Westminster, and issued books from the same office after his death. Like Caxton, he was a master in his craft, and introduced many improvements in the new invention. His works are admirable for their neatness and elegance. He designed and cut his own punches, sinking them into matrices and casting his own letters. He was a man of enterprise as well as of taste and education. The catalogue of his issues is known to have included at least five hundred and eight examples, of which the most notable is the "Polychron-

icon." As we have seen, William de Machlinia publishing the first edition of a law book, still quoted in our courts, so Wynkyn de Worde is associated with a school-book of which all scholars and students have at least heard. This is the famous "Lilye's Grammar." There is now no extant copy of the work with the printer's name to it, but a contemporary work of Whittington was repeatedly printed by him. Indeed, most of his books are what we should call educational. Books were then printed for scholars, not for the circulating library, and De Worde's catalogue is largely made of "Accidences," "Lucidaries," "Orchards of Words" — a phrase somewhat analogous to the Latin *anthologia* — and "Promptuaries for Little Children."

A contemporary of De Worde, and a fellow workman with him in Caxton's office, was Richard Pynson, a Norman by birth, and the introducer of that useful series of works which form the basis of subsequent "Year Books," as they were called by him, and still retain his title. Here, again, we find education to be the chief motive of issue. The first treatise on arithmetic published in this country was printed by Pynson — the date 1522, the title "*Libri 4 de arte supputandi*," and the author one of the first mathematicians of the age, Tonstall, Bishop of London. Pynson styled himself "king's printer," on his title-pages, but though his successor held a patent, it is not believed that any previous right of that kind had been given by the crown. The new art was, however, not to be confined to the capital. The men of letters in those days were the bishops and ecclesiastics, and soon all the great cities set up their printing-offices and published their issues. But it is notable how the master printer was generally a foreigner. One of the most eminent of them was Peter de Triers, a native of the town now generally known as Trèves, who started his office at the south side of the Thames, where he published Latin works of Cato and Erasmus. From this time presses began to be freely set up. The universities — Canterbury, Norwich, Tavistock — became great centres of this kind of trade, and it is recorded that in 1538, when Cardinal Wolsey visited his native town, he commemorated the visit by establishing a printing-office at Ipswich.

Scotland soon followed in the wake of England, and Ireland came last. Ireland was in fact the last European country — unless we can call Russia a European

country in the sixteenth century — which received the art of printing. A volume of the Book of Common Prayer, printed in Dublin so late as 1551, is the first Irish book, and this was followed by a liturgy for the use of the Scotch Highlanders printed in the Irish character. The interest of these publications has been chiefly their antiquity. They are curious and archæological. Clearness and beauty of type came afterwards. In that department our printers have certainly been surpassed by foreigners — Aldus, Elzevir, and even Didot being superior. One of our greatest names is John Baskerville, whose publications are still occasionally to be picked up cheap on the London bookstalls. He was no tradesman in his craft, but spared neither pains nor money to make his work worthy of his name. Printing with him was in fact what Walter Shandy would have called his hobby-horse. He is said to have spent £600 before he could get a single letter which came up to his own standard of excellence, and he had invested thousands in the business before he could make it pay. In fact, with him it was not a business, but an art. He did not adopt it to make, but to spend money already made. His issues have very much the same kind of excellence as compared with contemporary and subsequent prints that Josiah Wedgwood's plates and vases have with reference to their modern rivals. He saw to everything himself. He manufactured his own printing-ink, presses, and moulds. Though he was a wealthy man he was not ashamed of the trade which he had adopted. In fact, it was not a trade for him, but an occupation. On the panels of his carriage he had caused to be painted a series of the different processes in printing. His chief excellence was in the construction of his italic letters. They are thought by judges to stand unrivalled for freedom and symmetry. Many of his books were printed from silver types, and thus gained a delicacy which makes the paper appear almost like vellum. We shall scarcely again have such a printer. The man was an eccentric; found his reward, not in what he made by his books, but in what he made them. He died at the beginning of this century, and ordered that he should be buried in his own garden, and his dying wish was respected. Since his day science has been busy in invention and its application to art, but his work holds its place still. We have had greater printers, but we have scarcely had better-printed books.

From Truth.

GOOD MATCHES.

As soon as ever the announcement is made that a young lady is engaged to be married, the first question asked by each and all of her female friends is, "Is it a good match?" There are few people so simple and unsophisticated as to need to be told what is meant by the inquiry. By a good match is meant not a man who is of robust frame, of acknowledged probity, of spotless virtue, of striking talents, of honorable ambition, but one who is of "good family," who has a heavy rent-roll, or a rattling good business, or who has considerable expectations from his father or mother, they not being expected to live too long. This is a practical rather than a chivalrous age, and therefore the anxiety of the young lady's relations and friends is directed more to the financial even than to the genealogical side of the question. "Plenty of money" renders a marriage sacred, and even a bridegroom an object of interest. . . . If the response to the query, "Is it a good match?" be that it is not a good match at all, since the man is only the son of a merchant, with about twelve hundred a year and very doubtful expectations, the examination of the lover's own antecedents and character will be carried on in the most rigid manner, and the commiseration extended to the unfortunate *fiancée*, on account of the ambiguous reputation of her future husband, will be expansive and eloquent. Though neither worse nor better than most men before marriage, it will be discovered that he has been very wild, a sad scapegrace, a prodigal son, and a thorn in the side of the respectable merchant heretofore mentioned. Should he, on the contrary, have as many thousands as the other hundreds a year, the tongue of friendly gossip will not perhaps desist from repeating his past escapades, but it will charitably observe that he has sown his wild oats, and that a reformed rake invariably makes the best husband. Suppose, on the contrary, that the poor but accepted suitor is a model of good conduct, the most pious of sons, the best of brothers, a perfect Joseph of deportment, these qualities, usually in the abstract deemed admirable, will not unlikely be cited against him, and will figure as a presumption that the young lady who has given him her heart is much to be pitied. It will be pointed out that he is a spooney and a molly-coddle, that he knows nothing of life, is utterly inexperienced in the ways of the world, and

wholly unfit to have charge of a young wife as innocent as himself. Gild his inexperience with a large fortune, and the same sceptical persons will be lost in credulous admiration of a man who, with such temptations to kick over the traces; has never gone out of a steady jog-trot.

No one who has often been behind the scenes when news of an engagement first begins to circulate, will deny that this is the temper in which the announcement is received. It will, perhaps, be thought that we desire to reprehend, or at least to satirize, this method of regarding a match as good or bad. But we cherish no such wish. We consider the question, "Is it a good match?" a most natural, proper, and timely one; the only thing that perhaps rather startles us being the more sanctimonious and less mundane tone affected on occasions of less pressing importance, and when marriage is being considered, to use the young Scotch lady's expression, in the abstract. If you ask a respectable female of middle life what are the ingredients that render married life happy and admirable, she will mention virtue, health, good temper, similarity of tastes, congenial sentiments, and then competency last in her list. But when she comes to business, she knows that a competency is the most important of all things, and the sound instinct leads her to put it in the front rank in her army of interrogatories. Going a step further, she knows that in most cases wealth is a still better thing than a mere competency. Virtue may keep two people out of the divorce court, good temper may prevent them from now and then having a conjugal skirmish, and similarity of tastes may render evenings at home a trifle less long. But money will enable them to spend their evenings not at home, if they find them dull; money will fill the stable, stock the cellar, cram the wardrobe, pay for change of air, and gather round them a host of friends. It is said that we have lost the secret of friendship, and probably true friendship subsists only among rather simple natures. But a good match provides as good a substitute for friendship and friends as most people nowadays care to have. It will secure any number of people, who will be delighted to dine with you, who will join you in your opera-box, who will sit on your drag, who will spend the Ascot week with you, if you have a charming little box at Sunningdale. If the good match should turn out to be an uncommon bad lot, faithless, sour-tempered, selfish, his money will at least

enable the person whom he calls his wife to dispense with his society. Money will enable her to dress the children to perfection, to provide them with a German and French governess, to send the boys to Eton and Christchurch, and to present the girls becomingly. In fact, by the aid of a good match a woman is enabled to perform adequately all the duties of that rank of life in which it has pleased Providence to place her.

From The Popular Science Review.

ON THE TREES AND SHRUBS OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE WHICH PERISH IN SEVERE WINTERS.

M. C. MARTINS has communicated to the Academy of Sciences (*Comptes rendus*, March 19, 1877, p. 534), a paper on the indigenous trees and shrubs of the south of France which suffer from frost in exceptionally severe winters, in which he attempts to demonstrate their relationship to the former flora of this part of France. These plants are as follows, arranged in the order of their sensibility to cold: *Ceratonia siliqua*, *Euphorbia dendroides*, *Ostrya carpinifolia*, *Nerium oleander*, *Chamaerops humilis*, *Myrtus communis*, *Anthyllis barba-jovis*, *Laurus nobilis*, *Anagyris fetida*, *Punica granatum*, *Olea europæa*, *Ficus carica*, *Coriaria myrtifolia*, *Smilax aspera*, *Pistachia lentiscus*, *Viburnum tinus*, *Quercus ilex*, *Cistus monspeliensis*, and *Vitis vinifera*.

M. Martins remarks that these plants are all more or less of exotic types. Some of them are the sole European representatives of certain groups, families, tribes, or genera of plants. *Anthyllis barba-jovis*, *Pistachia lentiscus*, *Viburnum tinus*, *Quercus ilex* and *Cistus monspeliensis* alone form parts of families which possess other European genera or species. Most of them are of rare and local occurrence, only flourishing in exceptionally sheltered places, having the climate warmer, both in summer and winter, than open spots exposed to all winds. The *Pistachia*, the *Cistus*, the *Smilax*, and the evergreen oak are the only ones common throughout the Mediterranean littoral zone of France. *Viburnum tinus* and *Anagyris fetida* flower in the middle of winter.

All these peculiarities M. Martins thinks may be easily explained by assuming that these plants are survivors from the flora which covered the soil of southern

France during the Tertiary period. The vegetation of that period, as revealed by its fossil remains, indicates a much warmer climate than now prevails in the littoral zone, and most of the species which scarcely differ from those now living are found in the lacustrine deposits of the region itself, and have been for the most part described by Count Saporta. Of *Ceratonia* five fossil species are described; one, the *Ceratonia siliqua*, has survived the climatic changes which have occurred since the Miocene, and especially the glacial epoch. Its most probable ancestor is *C. vestusta*, Sap., from the gypsum of Aix. The common myrtle is the descendant of *Myrtus, atava*, Sap., of the Miocene calcareous slates of Armissan, near Narbonne, and it has been found fossil in the volcanic deposits of Saint-Jorge, in Madeira by Professor Heer. The oleander (*Nerium oleander*) passed through the whole Tertiary period. It occurs in the Eocene of the Sarthe, and in the Miocene of Oropo, in Attica, and its form *N. Gaudrianum*, Ad. Brongn., is intermediate between *N. oleander* and *N. odorum*. Thus the fossil species has split into two living species. Thirty fossil species of laurels are known; one, *Laurus nobilis*, is still living in the region, and it existed during the lower Pliocene epoch, as it occurs in the tufts of Meximieux. Nearly allied species, *L. canariensis*, Webb, and *L. fætens*, Ait. (*Oreodaphne fætens*, Nees), descending from *Oreodaphne Heerii*, Gaud., of the Tuscan Quaternary deposits, have maintained themselves in the Canaries, the insular climate of which approaches nearer than that of the south of France to the climate of the Tertiary periods.

In his memoir M. Martins shows, in like manner, that most of the tender trees and shrubs of the south of France have their fossil ancestors in Tertiary or Quaternary strata, formed at an epoch when the climate of Europe was so warm that many plants inhabited countries where they could not now pass a single winter. He instances the occurrence of *Chamaerops humilis* in the north of Switzerland, of the oleander in the Sarthe, of the pomegranate in the neighborhood of Lyons, and of the vine in Silesia. This note of M. Martins is an interesting contribution to the confirmation and extension of results already obtained by various palæontologists, especially Heer and Ettingshausen, as to the filiation of the existing flora to that of Tertiary times.